

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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*A Weekly Illustrated Magazine
For All The Family*

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WORKIN' AT A DISADVANTAGE AND NOT TRYIN' TO MAKE THE HEFT OF A LOAD BALANCE ITSELF PUTS ME IN MIND OF A SUMMER BOARDER WE HAD ONCE..HE WAS A GREAT HAND FOR EXERCISE..MOSTLY ROWIN' A BOAT; AND ONE DAY I KETCHED HIM PULLIN' 'TIL HE WAS RED IN THE FACE—AND WITH THE ANCHOR OFF OVER THE STERN..DRAGGIN' ON THE BOTTOM..HE WAS GITTIN' A LOT OF EXERCISE..BUT HE WA'N'T GITTIN' ANYWHERE TO SPEAK OF—CALEB PEASLEE

ARE YOU GOING TO COLLEGE?

At this time of year when graduating exercises all over the country are calling our attention again to the question of education, many a boy and girl and parent is anxiously debating the value and expediency of a course at college. To all such persons The Companion commends the sensible, authoritative and comprehensive paper by

KENNETH C. M. SILLS
President of Bowdoin College

which it will print in its issue for May 29. They will find it thoroughly informative and helpful—an epitome of sound, experienced judgment.

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CHRONIC INFLUENZA

INFLUENZA is usually a short, sharp disease that, if it neither merges into pneumonia nor seriously impairs the heart, subsides after a few days of great discomfort, leaving the patient apparently as well as ever. Occasionally, however,—and not so rarely as was formerly thought,—the patient does not fully recover. The acute symptoms disappear, and the doctor dismisses the patient with the assurance that the physical depression and the feeling of "all-goneness" that still remain will gradually pass if he will take care of himself and faithfully take the tonic prescribed for him. But the patient does not get well; his weakness and disinclination to think or to work persist; his determination to resume his normal activities is of no avail; he simply can't do it. Finally he concludes that he is breaking down, and if he is wise he goes back to the doctor for examination and advice.

The examination shows that his temperature is a degree or two below normal, though occasionally it makes brief excursions a degree or two above; the pulse is likely to be irregular, palpitating on exertion and dropping a beat occasionally—a circumstance that directs attention to the heart, which is found to be weak; moreover, the blood pressure is usually too low. The appetite may remain good, but digestion is slow; pains in the joints are common, and the patient is often wakeful at night and drowsy through the day. He may be more or less irritable or too much depressed in spirits to care one way or the other. He may have repeated though slight nosebleeds, but nosebleed is not common.

The treatment of this distressing condition must be directed to removing the cause, which is either chronic poisoning by the toxins of influenza and catarrhal germs lodged in some part of the respiratory tract or a form of auto-intoxication owing to sluggish and incomplete action of the kidneys or the bowels. The hidden focus of the germs may be in the tonsils, in the nose or in the mouth. If it eludes search, the system may be helped to undertake the task of exterminating the germs by means of an appropriate vaccine, preferably made from the secretions of the patient's own throat. In some cases, curiously enough, Nature does the work herself by giving the patient another acute attack of influenza, the reaction to which is strong enough to cure the chronic as well as the acute trouble. The auto-intoxication, if present, must be combated by diuretics, castor oil and diet.

CLARA'S BOOKKEEPING

"**C**LARA, you aren't going through all those baskets and things!" Letty's voice was full of dismay. "Oh, please! We'll miss the trolley and lose a whole hour at the lake."

"If I could depend upon you!" retorted her sister. "If you could even remember that you hadn't put the napkins in! But since you can't there's nothing to do but to look."

"But who cares about napkins? We could do without them. Please, Clara!"

Clara said nothing. Her capable hands worked swiftly, but when she had finally convinced herself that the napkins had been forgotten and had found them the trolley was already whistling at the corner. Letty looked at her reproachfully, gulped down the lump in her throat and dashed out to the crowd. Uncle Ross, who had been waiting to carry the baskets, said nothing. His silence made Clara feel as if she were on the defensive.

"The children are so careless," she explained. "If you let a thing go once, you're lost. And they'll have just as good a time."

As a matter of fact they did have a good time. Clara's lunch was delicious, and they picked quarts of blackberries. Clara sighed with relief.

The next morning as she was putting up her blackberries Uncle Ross watched her with

interest. "Now this," he remarked, "is a job that calls for exactness. I can appreciate that even before I taste the results."

Clara flashed him a keen glance. "That's the third time in two days you've made some such observation," she remarked. "I can't stop now, but we'll have explanations tonight."

That night on the piazza she said quietly,

"Now, Uncle Ross."

"It's your bookkeeping," he replied, smiling at her.

Clara stared at him in astonishment. "My bookkeeping! Why, Uncle Ross, if there's anything in this world that I can do, it's bookkeeping!"

"I know—in figures. But the most valuable part of life can't be reduced to figures. Monday night you spent the whole evening hunting for a missing three cents. Ted was teasing you to play war songs. He finally went off with some of the boys. Do you know what it means to have a boy Ted's age willing to stay at home if his sister will play for him? And Letty—she admires you tremendously still, but not quite so much as she did when I was here before. 'Oh, Clara's all right,' I heard her say, 'only she's so overlastingly particular.' It is things like those napkins yesterday. Letty was right. We could have got along perfectly well without them. You don't want to lose a little sister's loyalty for the sake of a handful of paper napkins, do you, dear? You see, it's a question of values. Accuracy is a valuable thing if you don't pay too high a price for it. See, child?"

Clara nodded silently.

Uncle Ross patted one of the tired hands. "Good sport!" he said.

A JUNGLE JOKE

A MOST extraordinary noise began in the jungle promptly at half past six—first a loud, tinny toot! toot! toot! like blasts upon a child's trumpet, then an infernal buzzing shriek, then a perfect roar of countless frogs, followed by numerous other sounds until the noise was so deafening that speech became inaudible. Thus Mr. Carveth Wells, writing in Asia, describes his first experience of life in the Malay jungle. He goes on:

I at once thought of Chicago, but it was simply the noise of insects waking up for the night or else saying good-night to one another. I could not tell which. Then promptly at seven o'clock, as suddenly as the noises had begun, they ceased, and it was dark.

The next day I received word that a boat was waiting to take me up the river Jelei to camp. As I entered the boat Sahar, one of the Malay boatmen, eyed me all over and then said something in Malay that caused roars of laughter. Suddenly I remembered that I knew two words of the Malay language, *apa*, meaning "what," and *nama*, meaning "name." I got out a pencil and a notebook and, pointing at the water, said: "*Apa nama?*"

Sahar immediately said "*ayer*."

I hurriedly scribbled "*water—ayer*." Then I touched a piece of wood and said, "*Apa nama?*"

Sahar said "*kayu*," and I wrote, "*wood—kayu*." Then I touched Sahar's head and said, "*Kayu?*"

The four other Malays roared with laughter, and I felt amply repaid for Sahar's joke at my expense. It took me several years to learn to speak Malay even poorly, but only a few hours to make myself understood.

HE WANTED TO MEET THE MOUSE

WE have never liked the idea of frightening children into quiet and submission. The immature nervous organization of the child often suffers severely from such treatment. But there are some strong souls among the youngsters about whom we need not worry; they are not easily scared.

One of them, as we read in the Argonaut, is three years old. One evening after he had been put to bed he began to wail, and Mary, the maid, was requested to soothe him. After a short lull the crying broke out again with renewed vigor, and papa was instructed to investigate the trouble.

"What's all this noise about, you young rascal?" he demanded.

"Well, Mary said if I kept on crying a great big mouse with big green eyes would come and sit on the end of my bed, and I've kept on, but it hasn't come yet!"

WHICH JACKANAPES?

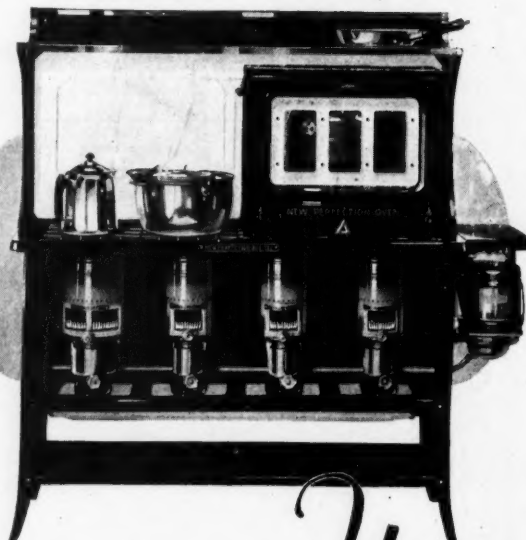
IT was in the days when Germany was an empire and folk had to be careful what they said, lest they be accused of treason. A carpenter, says Mr. Israel Zangwill, was in a crowd waiting to see the emperor pass. The man had an excellent position, but he was uneasy because he had promised to meet a conceited young brother-in-law, and the brother-in-law had not arrived.

"Will the jackanapes never come!" cried the carpenter angrily.

A policeman promptly arrested him.

"But I was speaking of my brother-in-law!" gasped the carpenter, terrified.

"You said 'jackanapes'; you must have meant the emperor," replied the policeman and marched the man off.



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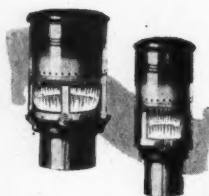
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HUNT THE HABERDASHER

By Russell Gordon Carter



DRAWINGS BY
W. F. DODGE

NE of the many strange customs at old Bittersweet College is the habit the students have of wearing black knitted neckties. Visitors always ask why, since the college colors are white and gold, everyone should prefer black. Alas, they might as well ask the peasants of Holland why they wear wide breeches. "It's tradition," says the student in answer to all inquiries, and that's the end of it. No one at Bittersweet would think of wearing a necktie of another color any more than a student at Wallawash Tech. at Phillipsburg down the river would think of wearing a necktie that was not blue. For didn't a freshman at Bittersweet once wear a red necktie, and, though he got high grades in all his courses, didn't he go through college without being asked to join a single club or fraternity? Simply because he snubbed tradition that fellow's whole college life was a failure!

"Clam," said Stag Hunt to his roommate one afternoon, "I've simply got to make some more money. Look at me! Five dollars is all I have to my name! Can't you think of some way to help me? What would you do if you was me?"

Clam tossed aside his notes on Moham-medanism and looked at his diminutive roommate, looked especially hard at his frayed string of a necktie.

"It's hard to imagine myself using the gutter English you use, Stag," he said, "but, if I were you, the first thing I'd do would be to buy myself a new necktie. That shoelace of yours is a disgrace, especially the way you tie it!"

"Looks as good as the other fellows'!" Stag retorted indignantly.

"Then," continued Clam as if he had not heard, "I'd invest the rest of my money in as many neckties just like it as I could buy. Buying a lot that way, you'd get wholesale prices. After that sell 'em to the bunch at retail prices—and there you are; before you knew it you'd have six dollars instead of

five, besides a necktie that wasn't a disgrace. Allah has spoken."

Stag's face suddenly brightened. "Say, Clam, that sounds like a good business idea!" he exclaimed. "You really mean it?"

"Allah has spoken," repeated Clam.

Half an hour later while Allah was on the mat at the gymnasium wrestling with Skinny Beane Stag was on the window seat wrestling with his new idea. Ever since college had opened he had been trying schemes for earning money, and no one of them had proved to be a gold mine. This necktie idea, however, looked wonderfully good! Clam had given him the tip, and Clam was cautious and level-headed. Stag didn't see how the scheme could possibly fail.

He tore a page from Clam's notebook and began thoughtfully to print on it. "Hunt the"—Let's see, "Hunt the Necktie Man." No, "Hunt the Haberdasher!" That was better—more alliteration and dash to it. Besides, he didn't intend to tie all his money up in neckties; as soon as he had made a fair start he'd put some of it into colored socks, fancy shirts, soft collars and woolen waistcoats. Yes, sir, the idea was good; the more he pondered it the better he liked it.

That evening at the Commons Stag remarked casually to Finny Finlayson, "Awful-looking tie you've got on! Looks even worse than Red's!"

"If I should throw it away," replied Finny, "I know who'd pick it out of the rubbish barrel!"

Stag blinked, but he rallied quickly. "It's my opinion," he said weightily, "that Skinny and Happy and Squash would tear one another's hair to get it, eh, Clam?"

The corners of Clam's mouth twitched slightly, but Clam was as dumb as an oyster.

Skinny and Happy Day and Squash Bush turned on Stag. "You should sit there and criticize, you little hobo," cried Skinny. "Look at your own necktie—worse than a mangy cat's tail!"

"I hate a fellow who can't think of anything to talk about but neckties," said Squash witheringly.

"If you've got any neckties up your sleeve, Stag, pass 'em around," said Happy, grinning.

That was just the sort of remark Stag was waiting for. "I haven't any this minute," he

replied, "but I think I can get some—won't cost as much as those at the village either."

"When you get them, Stag, stop at my door with your pushcart, will you?" said Pinky Winkle. "Honest, Stag, I'll buy one if they're good."

"Sure, maybe we all will," added Red. "Rich uncle die and leave you his drygoods store, Stag? I need some socks too—red if you haven't got purple."

Stag smiled indulgently and inwardly rejoiced. His business was booming; all he needed was his stock in trade.

The next afternoon Stag and his five dollars went to look for bargains in neckties. At the one drygoods store in the village he found that by buying five dollars' worth he could get the neckties at the rate of forty-five cents apiece; they sold for fifty cents ordinarily. Stag figured rapidly and then said he'd think it over. He did—and then boarded a Bloomingdale trolley.

At Bloomingdale, however, he found after considerable canvassing that he couldn't do any better. By that time dusk had fallen, but Stag wasn't discouraged; he boarded a Phillipsburg car and half an hour later arrived at the picturesque little town that tolerates Wallawash Technology.

The first drygoods store he entered advertised bargains in neckties. With eager eyes Stag gazed at a display of knitted ones hanging near the counter. Just what he wanted!

Above them was a tag marked thirty-five cents. He drew one of the ties toward him and fingered it professionally.

"Exceptionally good tie, that," said the storekeeper.

"What price could you make me on, say, a dozen and a half?" inquired Stag.

"H'm." The man became thoughtful. "Let me see; let me see. Four dollars and a half. How's that?"

"Fair enough," replied Stag, congratulating himself. He was getting the ties for twenty-five cents apiece; he'd sell them for forty-five. "Wrap up a dozen and a half, will you?"

"I guess you don't belong here at Wallawash," said the storekeeper as he was tying the package.

"No, sir!" replied Stag proudly.

"I thought not. Ain't much difference between these ties and blue ones; yet the Wallawash boys won't even look at 'em. They've got to have blue. Queer now, ain't it?"

Stag nodded understandingly and paid for his purchase.

Back at Bittersweet with all his money gone except ten cents he mounted the stairs of Rosewood Hall. He heard Clam and Finny and the rest laughing and talking in his room for some time before he reached it. Stag grinned. Things were working just right.

"Hello, Stag, you little tomcat!" Finny greeted him as he entered the room. "What you been doin' out so late?"

"Why don't you knock before you enter?" inquired Red. "Anybody'd think this was your room!"

Stag only smiled, tore open one end of his package and drew forth a necktie. Then he removed his frayed shoelace, tossed it into the wastebasket and adjusted the new necktie round his neck. "Fellows," he said proudly, "how does it look?"

"It would look good on anybody else," replied Clam ambiguously.

"Why, it looks good even on him!" declared Skinny. "I like a necktie that shines like that—fools a lot of people!"

"How many more you got, Stag?" asked Happy.

Stag spread the package open on the table. "Help yourselves, fellows; forty-five cents

each; you save a nickel in money and years in wear."

Somewhat to Stag's astonishment the fellows made a noisy rush, and in less than half a minute everyone except Clam was wearing one of the new ties, and the smoke from their old ones was mingling with the smoke from the wood in the fireplace.

Later in the evening when Stag and Clam were alone Clam remarked with a grin, "I guess you've struck your stride, Stag; you'll make money now. Come to me any time you need ideas."

"You're right I've struck it!" replied Stag enthusiastically. "But, Clam, I'll admit I was surprised the way everyone bought the ties. I wonder why?"

"You don't mean to tell me you've forgotten tomorrow's Slap Day?" Clam said incredulously.

"By George," cried Stag, "that explains it!"

Slap Day, it should be said, is one of the oldest institutions at Bittersweet; from it, according to the freshmen, originated Tap Day at Yale. On Slap Day morning the undergraduates at Bittersweet, neatly dressed in their best clothes—which explains why Stag's ties sold like hot cakes—wander casually about the campus. Then it is that

"I'm ruined!"



certain seniors slap the backs of those juniors whom they want in the senior societies, and certain juniors slap the backs of desirable sophomores. Tradition says that once a senior slapped a freshman by mistake—a circumstance that doubtless accounts for the presence of the whole freshman class on the campus every year on the morning of the great day.

Stag was jubilant. Not only did he expect to be slapped, he expected to be slapped with some eight dollars in his pocket and a thriving business just round the corner.

"Say, Clam," he remarked after a thoughtful moment, "why didn't you buy one of the ties too?"

"Couldn't," replied Clam. "Mary Cary knitted the tie I have on. I expect to wear it all through college. I'm choice of it. She wouldn't like it if I wore another. Anyway, I'm sure to be slapped, no matter what I wear."

Thereupon Stag too became confidential; he told his roommate where he had bought the ties, how much he had paid for them and that they were going to form the basis of a profitable business in socks, shirts, collars, waistcoats and other wearing apparel. Then he went out to dispose of the rest of his stock.

Early the next morning Stag got the greatest surprise of his whole life. In a jubilant frame of mind—for he had sold the ties without trouble—he entered the living room to dress. In front of the table he stopped short, and his hands dropped to his sides. He opened and closed his eyes several

"Here's the only solution," said Clam



times. Then he sank into a chair. The necktie that he had worn the night before was not black but green!

It is true it was the darkest green he had ever beheld, but it was green! What the artificial light had hidden the night before had shown up in all its horrible reality. Green! Oh!

"Clam!" said Stag weakly. "Those neckties I bought are green!"

"Green? You're crazy, Stag!"

"No; they showed black at night! By daylight they're green! I'm ruined!"

Clam got out of bed. "And the idea was so good!" he muttered. "Stag, it's Fate; that's what the Mohammedans would say."

Poor Stag groaned. "What'll I do, Clam?"

"Give the fellows their money back," replied Clam.

"Yes, but it's Slap Day, and Skinny and Finny and the rest won't have any neckties to wear now! They burnt their old ones! What'll they do, Clam?"

"No one can say but Allah," Clam replied as he started to dress. "I'd hate to be you, Stag!"

Footsteps echoed down the corridor, and Stag turned and then backed toward the bedroom. A loud rapping sounded at the door. "Stag, you pup, unlock that door!" came Red's angry voice.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

"Open up!" shouted Skinny.

"Clam," whispered Stag, trembling, "what'll they do to me?"

"Allah alone knows," replied Stag. "Better open up and save the door."

Stag crossed the room tremulously and drew back the bolt. In rushed Happy, Skinny, Finny and Red.

"Look at him!" cried Finny, seizing Stag by the collar of his shirt. "I see it clear enough now. He wants to keep us all out of a junior club! I'll club him. I will!"

"Wait a moment, fellows!" said Clam. "Stag didn't know the ties were green, honest."

"Yeh, you can talk!" cried Red. "You've got a black tie; we haven't!"

"Slap Day and no necktie!" Happy lamented.

"Here's the only solution," said Clam, fishing Stag's discarded shoelace from the wastebasket. "Each fellow take turns wearing Stag's old tie—that is, unless you can borrow a tie somewhere—"

"Borrow nothing!" cried Finny savagely. "We've tried it already! The rest could, but we couldn't."

"All right," continued Clam, "do as I say then. Each fellow wear the tie about fifteen minutes. Stag gets it when you're all through."

"If I don't get slapped, he doesn't get it at all!" declared Finny.

Stag hoped inwardly that, if Finny did get slapped, he'd get it where it would do him the most good.

Right after breakfast Red and Skinny and Happy and Stag, all without neckties, sat on the window seat, looking down at the crowd on the campus. They saw Clam and Finny issue forth from the dormitory and then separate.

Several minutes passed, and then Red exclaimed: "Clam got slapped! The first of the sophs! Andiron Club too! Here he comes."

The others sighed, but kept their eyes fixed on Finny as he strolled here and there. Finny's legs were casual enough, but his face looked strained and worried. Once a man carrying some boards on the street outside dropped one of them, and a dozen or more sophomores and juniors—and at least half of the freshmen—hunched their shoulders all at the same time. But Clam, who had joined Mary Cary on the outskirts of the crowd, was the only one in the whole assembly who even smiled.

"This is awful!" cried Skinny, wiping the sweat from his forehead. "Suppose Finny doesn't get slapped!"

The others groaned.

Finny continued to stroll here and there, but there was no spring to his step now. Perhaps it was no more than fancy, but to Clam and Mary it seemed that Finny managed somehow to turn his back to every junior who passed him.

Twenty minutes had elapsed and Finny, standing in the centre of the campus, was looking up at the window, when—slap! and Finny was a member of Hammer and Nails.

"At last!" cried Red fervently. "I'm next!"

A few minutes later Finny, looking like a changed man, entered the room, and Red put on Stag's tie. Down the stairs Red went four at a time, and as he strolled out on the campus Skinny and Happy and Stag

watched him much as they had watched Finny.

Red was slapped into the Coal Scuttle at the end of ten heart-breaking minutes, and then it was Skinny's turn.

Skinny had hoped to "make" the Andiron Club; but at the end of twenty minutes of "casual," agonized strolling—*sla-a-ap!* And Skinny turned and looked thankfully into the eyes of a junior who represented the Rusty Anchor. Skinny didn't care a cent how rusty that anchor was! It was a life-saver for him!

"Good luck to you," said Stag as Happy tied Stag's shoelace and started out.

Happy was too nervous to speak; so he didn't try. As he started across the campus his face wore the expression that it sometimes wore in chapel when Prexy Pepper was especially eloquent.

Stag, alone on the window seat, had clasped his hands in front of him as if in prayer, for the morning was wearing on, and it seemed as if everybody who deserved a slapping had already got it.

Twenty minutes, twenty-five, half an hour—and then the day was made happy

for Happy Day. Slap! The Coal Scuttle had taken him in.

Stag met him in the lower corridor, put the shoelace on in five seconds and then like a little ship set sail into the vast unknown. First he tacked diagonally across the campus; then he tacked back again. Into the eddies wherever a few juniors were gathered he sailed hopefully, only to sail slowly out again. To the right and to the left other ships were hailed and rescued, but Stag's little bark plodded the unfriendly seas alone.

Once he ran close-hauled to where Clam and Mary were standing on the shore. "Do you think I've got a chance, Clam?" he whispered anxiously.

"Allah alone can say," was the somewhat unsatisfactory response.

Stag seemed to shiver all over as he turned his prow seaward again, tacking right and left, shortening sail now and then, pausing frequently to drift. Alone on a sunless sea! Poor Stag!

Then the sea began to dry up; crowds of fellows were starting to move off in all directions; only Stag and the freshmen remained, hoping, hoping.

FIGGY DUFF POT *By Theodore Goodridge Roberts*



Chapter Nine Denis searches the barren

DENIS DIKEMAN did not keep the news or his fears to himself a minute. He heaved the bag of hard-bread into the informative customer's arms, left the store in charge of the boy from the fore-and-after and hastened to the house. He found the skipper and old Barney Toon in the kitchen. Old Bridget and Kathleen were in some other part of the house, and the two men of his crew were in the hold of the schooner, stowing a mixed freight. He blurted out the news of Corney Conway and his own unerring interpretation of it.

The skipper was struck white with rage and fear. He had not expected anything of the kind before Angus Brown's return to the harbor, and perhaps not even then. Brown's threats had failed of result so often that he had begun to doubt them. He had almost decided of late that the paper that the big sailor had taken away in his pocket was not such a potent instrument of destruction as he had been led to believe. If it was all that Brown had said it was, then why was he not already destroyed? And now to be told that the threats had not been idle words after all, and that one of his enemies was an entire week gone on the journey that was to loose the might of the law on him was a desperate shock. After a few seconds of numbed silence he turned on old Barney and voiced something of his furious and craven emotions in language far too vivid and blistering for ink and paper to record. The first outburst contained no argument; it was a succession of statements concerning Barney's mental and physical weaknesses, his ancestry, his past and his future, garnished with adjectives and expletives that sounded fairly strong even to Denis Dikeman's seasoned ears. After that something of argument appeared.

"Ye had yer chance to shoot 'im, an' ye missed 'im! Ye had yer chance to burn 'im to ashes, paper an' all, an' ye come crawlin' home wid a hole t'rough yer leg! What bes the use of ye? I'd done better to let ye hang long ago! Aye, by t'under, to let ye hang by the neck!"

Barney regarded the skipper's bandaged face all the while with an unwavering, glowing gaze. His eyes were expressive and terrible. They expressed every mean and dreadful emotion except that of fear. Derisive amusement glittered in them, and scornful derision and disgust and rage and hate. Hate glowed in their depths like red embers.

"Save yer breat' for yer prayers, ye poor cowardly squid!" exclaimed the old servant at last. "What about the trap ye set for 'im—an' got yer own face busted for yer trouble? He bain't headed for St. John's. He bes too soft in the heart for to bust ye yet awhile—an' ye can ax Kat'y why! He bes off wid his herd of deer for fear of the guns of the harbor. Aye, safe away wid the fat deer! An' if ye beed wort' the salt on a caplin ye'd overhauled 'im six days ago an' put 'im out of the way for ever an' no one the wiser. But ye bain't man enough for to

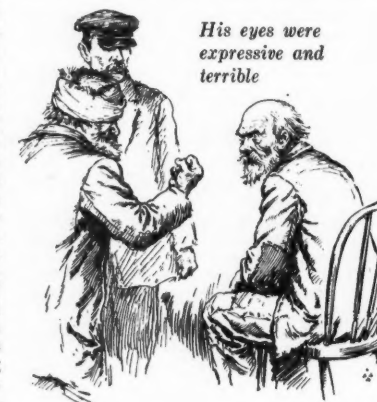
save yer own skin! An' ye talks of hangin'! When I hang, Pat Dikeman, it bes yerself will rot in jail!"

"Easy, b'y, easy wid yer talk of jails an' hangin'!" cried the skipper in a voice of vast relief. "If he bes gone wid the deer, then there bain't no harm done yet. Aye, Barney, ye bes right! But for the hole in yer leg he'd been overhauled long ago an' nuttin' more ever heard of 'im. Lost on the barren! An' it bain't too late now to overhaul 'im an'—an' lose 'im. He bain't got far away yet maybe. A herd of deer bain't an easy t'ing to drive, I's t'inkin'."

Denis was not so easily convinced by Barney's talk of the herd. "Maybe he's footed it to Windy Head an' took a skiff there for St. John's," he said.

But Barney jeered at his misgivings.

Denis and the crew of the fore-and-after set out secretly for the wilderness at dawn of the next day. Denis intended to find Corney and the deer, make a prisoner of Corney and slaughter a great many of the



His eyes were expressive and terrible

tame animals. Three men and a lump of a boy armed with axes and knives and three guns and unlimited ammunition should do very well among a hundred animals that had lost their fear and distrust of man. The carcasses of the victims would be left under the protection of one man and the boy while Denis and the other hand took their prisoner to a place of safe-keeping and returned with men and sleds to drag the frozen carcasses to the fore-and-after. The murder of Corney was not in Denis's plan, for, though he was as dishonest as his father and Barney Toon, he possessed a few instincts of mercy and a few more of caution. "Why kill a poor lad when all ye needs for yer plans bes to lay 'im away quiet for a few mont's?" he reasoned.

The four ascended to the barren in high spirits and then up to the top of the highest knoll in the immediate vicinity to look abroad for their prey. All was white and black beneath the brightening sky—the black of leafless bushes and low spruce tuck and the white of untouched snow. Not a sign of a deer was visible to the naked eye, but Denis had the schooner's spyglass with

At last Stag turned dejectedly toward the dormitory. What a morning! As he was passing Clam and Mary, Clam grinned at him in a peculiar way. And just then—Slap! And Stag's head bobbed from under his hat.

"Welcome to the Bag of Bones!" said Stuffly Duffy, and Stag hardly refrained from throwing his arms round Stuffly's neck. "Allah has spoken," muttered Clam.

That evening when the fellows were gathered in Clam's room Stag cleared his throat and announced:

"Fellows, I'm sorry about those neckties, but, as Shakespeare will have it, 'All's well that comes out all right in the end.' Tomorrow while it's daylight I'm going to take the ties back and get black ones. And in honor of my being taken into the Bag of Bones I'm going to give every fellow a necktie for nothing!"

"Generous boy!" cried the others, and Clam added:

"You're the best little haberdasher I ever roomed with, Stag! You'll be rich some day—but not from selling neckties. Take it from Allah!"

him, and it wasn't long before he made out a few moving specks far away to the west.

"But they'd be gone furdur nor that, I reckon," objected one of the men.

"Maybe so an' maybe not," replied Denis. "Did ye ever try yer hand at drivin' five score of wild deer? An' Barney says there bes that many in the herd if there bes one."

"I's driv 'em fast enough when I was wishin' 'em to stand still so's I could shoot a slug of lead at 'em," said the other man of the crew.

"Aye, like enough, but this lad wouldn't shoot at his tame deer to make 'em travel. An' there'll be no shootin' from us neither till they take fright, mind that! First we'll surround the lad widout a sound an' tie 'im tight. Then we'll use our knives on the deer, for they bes tame as sheep, so Barney says, an' we won't shoot till we has to."

They descended from the knoll and moved westward at a brisk pace. The snow was drifted deep in some places, and so they had to slip their feet into their rackets. There was no wind to carry their scent ahead to the feeding deer. The temperature of the still air was not much below freezing, and they soon began to sweat in their heavy clothing. They came within easy gunshot of the deer after almost two hours of steady but crooked tramping, only to find them to be a little family party of seven instead of the rear guard of a big herd. And the tracks in the snow were not of a big herd.

Again Denis Dikeman climbed to the top of a knoll and spied abroad through his telescope; and this time he saw a bunch of moving antlers against the snow away to the north. So they changed their course from west to north and plodded along again with the sweat of their exertions glistening and running on their faces; and in time they got close enough to the deer to count them. There were nine. Look as they would and count as they could, nine was the number, and the tracks in the snow were of no more than nine. The young skipper felt as if he had been cheated. The edge of his temper was worn dangerously raw. He expressed his opinion of Barney Toon's suggestions and of Corney Conway's activities in the strongest coastwise language. The boy made a fire and "boiled the kettle" for tea, and after a "mug-up" Denis felt better and ready to take another look for Corney and his herd.

Denis and the crew of the fore-and-after returned to Figgy Duff Pot two days later, empty-handed and leg-weary. Denis's temper was on a hair-trigger, and his fears concerning the direction and nature of Corney Conway's expedition were fully revived. Disgust for the great barren combined with his apprehensions of impending trouble sickened him like a fever. He loathed the rugged wastes over which he had wandered so many laborious and fruitless miles. The few scattered caribou that he had seen and the great herd of which he had seen not so much as a hoof print, the snow so blinding to the eyes and soggy to the feet in the glare of the noontide sun, the smoky food and comfortless nights—he loathed them all!

He was eager to be safe aboard the fore-and-after again with the moorings cast off and the little headsails fluttering up for it seemed to him that the land and a fixed dwelling were not the safest things just then for any Dikeman. He loosed his temper on old Barney Toon, saying that Corney was not on the barren, that the tame herd of deer didn't exist, and that only an idiot would have imagined such things.

"Anybody but a fool would of found the lad an' his herd," retorted Barney. "I'd find 'em inside two days but for me poor leg."

A violent argument followed concerning Corney's whereabouts and intentions in which the skipper took no part. It was easy to see that the young man's convictions were the result of fear rather than of calm reasoning. Barney won, but still Denis advised a complete and immediate desertion of Figgy Duff Pot. He was for rushing the household goods and gear as well as the stores aboard the Northland Rose and sailing away, far away, perhaps to some secluded cove south of St. John's or even round into the Straits, leaving house and sheds and wharf to rot or fall into the hands of the outraged and outwitted law. He was in a funk; there could be no mistake about that.

But the skipper, reassured by Barney Toon's attitude, would not be panic-driven. He had no faith in his son's judgment except in the matters of coastwise navigation and trade. He refused to flee and sacrifice his grand premises without proof that Corney Conway was not on the barren with the deer and had gone to St. John's. He had great faith in the penetrating qualities of Barney Toon's crooked wits and queer instincts and of his abilities as a spy, despite his recent failures as a man of action. So the skipper sat tight, held by greed and his faith in Barney Toon's judgment and perhaps by an amusing little plan of revenge on the folk of Figgy Duff Pot. Denis sailed way with the fore-and-after with instructions to deposit the freight that had been so secretly stowed aboard in some safe place within a few days' journey of the harbor and then to return and await further developments. That was the skipper's plan, but Denis had a better one, which he kept strictly to himself. Should the house of Dikeman fall, Denis and the schooner and the stores and gear would not go down with it.

Meanwhile Corney and his tame deer prospered in the wilderness to the south of Figgy Duff Pot. They had found a country of plentiful moss and plentiful shelter, doubtless already known to the deer, but new to Corney. He had explored the wilderness to the west and north and to the south-east along the coast, but never due south before. It was the back country, the hinterland, of a stretch of formidable and uninhabited coast. There you might look out all day from the top of the tallest tree on the highest knoll and not discern a sign of man's occupation or visitation—not so little a sign even as a whisp of smoke on the air.

Corney built himself a permanent camp. The walls were of poles chinked with moss and mud, and the roof was of poles thatched with spruce boughs. He did not attempt a chimney, for there was no need of one. His fire, burning close before the doorless entrance, invaded every corner of the hut with its gleam and warmth and sometimes with its smoke as well. Corney worked hard in his effort to keep his mind off the affairs of



"Huntin' for meat," answered Peter Chant

Figgy Duff Pot. Whenever he was idle he felt a northward urge in his feet that was difficult to resist. He ordered his days and nights in such wise that he was seldom idle except when he was asleep. His duties consisted of frequent tours of inspection round and through the widespread herd, of observations abroad from selected vantage points, of occasional expeditions after grouse with the old gun and after trout with hook and line. The ice on the ponds was thin. Half a dozen blows with the hatchet usually enabled him to lower the baited hook down within reach of the fat black trout. He did not overshoot or overfish his immediate needs. Another of his duties, perhaps the lightest of all, was the protection of the herd from wolves. The big timber wolves did not cause him nearly so much trouble as he had feared they would; and yet he had the proof of his eyes that they were in the vicinity in considerable numbers.

Corney was puzzled by the behavior of the wolves. Five or six of them howled for a few minutes almost every night at one point or another on the outskirts of his herd, but so far as he knew they had as yet killed only one of his animals. He had seen the same pack hunting other deer far beyond the fringes of his herd in broad daylight, hunting and killing. But for their tracks in the snow he would have supposed that they were afraid of him or daunted by the size of his herd. He found fresh tracks every morning, sometimes of one and frequently of several of the big wolves, trailing among the tracks of the deer and often approaching to within a few yards of his fire—tracks in the very heart of the herd but no drop of blood! Just as they refrained from killing in the herd, so they refrained from howling there. They did all their howling at a distance. Corney felt a little apprehensive about their attentions at first and kept his gun loaded and capped and ready to hand; but it wasn't long before apprehension gave place to other emotions. He was curious of course, but he was even more pleased than curious. He was touched in tender spots—in the seats of his sympathy and his vanity. Yes, he was touched and flattered by the very evident interest and respect of the wolves. He thought of Dirk Mallory, the wolf-charmer of old, whose blood ran in his veins, and wondered if old Dirk could have tamed deer as easily as wolves if he had tried, and if he, Corney, could tame wolves as easily as deer. And from wondering about it he arrived at belief in it. He believed that his strange power, his inexplicable mastery over the masterless creatures of the wilderness, was as surely felt by the fierce and furtive wolves as

by the timid deer. Three weeks passed, and not once in that time did Corney see a man or a man's track in the snow or the smoke of any fire except his own. The herd fed over a wide area but closed in on the camp every night. Recruited by single deer and pairs and families, it continued to increase. The wolves hunted abroad during the day and visited the fire almost every night; and if they happened to dine off a choice piece of venison in some secluded dell on the fringe of the herd now and then, Corney didn't see and never found the bones and so was none the wiser. Stags fought occasionally, and Corney discouraged with a club the combats that happened to fall under his observation.

A month passed, and then Corney decided that he had been absent from Figgy Duff Pot long enough to have discouraged old Barney Toon in any possible murderous intentions and Denis in his designs on the herd. He would leave the herd behind him in safety, of course; but for himself, it was high time to take another chance of his life with the "diviltrees" of the skipper in the performance of his duty as champion of the harbor. And that wasn't all; he had left home without a single book or even a page of a book, and his eyes were hungry for a sight of printed words again; and—well, he would like to see Kathleen again too.

So he packed his nunny bag before dawn one morning and set out on the homeward way at the first brightening in the east. He traveled steadily all day and made his fire on the southern side of a knoll at sunset. Snow began to fall lightly just before he turned into his blankets. He slept soundly all night and awoke to the first level rays of the sun to find that the snow had ceased. He dug for the heart of his fire and revived it with dry moss and twigs; and it was not till then that he looked abroad and saw his deer. They were there, scores of them, some standing, and some lying. He was touched and embarrassed; and while still wondering what he should do if they insisted on following him all the way to Figgy Duff Pot he espied the familiar tracks of the wolves in the new snow at his feet. He saw that the pack had been within a few yards of the fire and within less than a yard of his blanket form while he slept. He imagined the scene and felt a chilly creeping on the back of his neck, but only for a second. It was purely a matter of nerves. Upon reflection he saw now more surely than ever before that he had nothing to fear from the wolves—or from those particular five at least. He wondered more than ever at them and at himself, at their strange interest in him and extraordinary docility toward him and at his queer power to attract and to excite trust.

He put his best foot foremost that day, hoping to outdistance the deer so far that they would lose track of him before they reached the danger zone. He knew that he should be able to find them again easily enough when he wanted them. He rested for only a few minutes at noon, did not make a fire and so drank cold water instead of hot tea. He took a look abroad from the top of a knoll a few hours later and for the first time in a month espied other smoke than his own. It was a thin feather of smoke crawling up only a few miles to the northwest of him against a tumbled background of white. He decided to investigate it, removed the cover from the long gun, changed his course and went forward at a good pace.

Corney found three men of Figgy Duff Harbor seated disconsolately round a little fire. Steve Peddle, Nick Peddle and Peter Chant were their names. They were good fellows, though they lacked ambition and initiative. A sled lay near at hand, and three sealing guns were leaning against a boulder behind them. The men looked at Corney as if they had doubted the evidence of their eyes.

"We's been t'inkin' ye lost an' dead this long time back," said Chant, getting to his feet slowly and prodding Corney inquiringly with a finger. "Aye, we t'ought ye dead, an' here ye be alive an' fat as a swile! Where ye been hidin' yerself at, Corney, b'y?"

Corney lowered his nunny bag to the snow and replied that he had been cruising the barren. They accepted the statement, for they had always looked upon him as being queer in his notions and actions—not half-witted or anything like that, but just slightly muddled by book learning. They all eyed the nunny bag hungrily.

"Bes there a pinch of tea in yer bag, lad?" asked Steve Peddle.

Corney produced tea and what was left of his sugar and half a dozen cakes of hard bread; and a smoky kettle appeared, was filled with water and placed on the fire as if by magic. But the three didn't wait for the water to boil and the tea to steep before they helped themselves to the bread. They devoured the hard, dry fare with the gusto and speed of hungry dogs. Corney was amazed and asked what they were doing out on the barren without food.

"Huntin' for meat," answered Peter Chant. "There bes nought in the harbor save only a few caplin an' maybe half a quintal of spiled fish, an' we's cruised the barren goin' on t'ree days widout glimsin' so much as the horns of a deer."

More questions brought forth the information that the skipper had suddenly retired from business twelve days before. Denis Dikeman had sailed away and not yet returned, and they doubted that he would ever return; and he had taken the last of the fish and all the provisions with him except whatever might be in the white house. The skipper had opened up the stores and let them see for themselves. Outside the white house there wasn't more than half a bag of bread and twenty pounds of flour in the whole harbor.

They had lived from hand to mouth; and now the hand had returned empty to the foolish mouth. They had caught a few trout through the ice and shot a few willow grouse, and that was all.

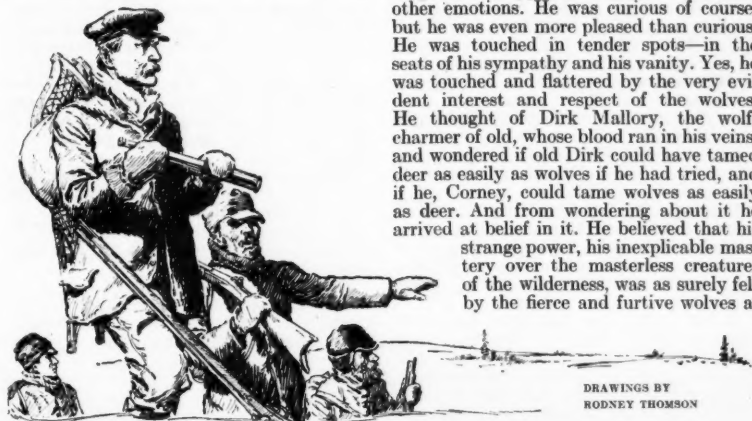
"The skipper'll go to jail for this, the murderin' cheat!" cried Corney. "He's had his last chance, by t'under!"

"Aye, an' sarve 'im right, but us poor folks bain't able for to live widout a skipper," said the elder Peddle. "An' there bain't anudder on the coast widin' t'irty mile nort' or sout', an' how could we trade wid 'em anyhow wid all our catch of fish shipped away already? The foxy old squid owes us trade in plenty by yer own figgerin', Corney, but his stores bes empty, an' he names himself for a ruined man."

"An' where bes Kat'y?"

"Kat'y Dikeman? I seen her runnin' among the rocks one day wid the skipper a-leppin' at her heels like a wolf; an' I seen 'im overhaul 'er an' fetch 'er back to the grand house; an' I glimpsed her face at a windy nex' day."

Corney paled with anger. He was silent for a minute, gazing fixedly at the fire. The others regarded him without a word, impressed by the dignity and determination of his features and expression.



DRAWINGS BY
RODNEY THOMSON

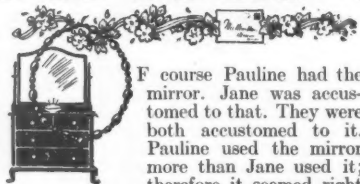
"I'll find ye meat," he said at last. "Then I'll step on Skipper Dikeman like ye would on a snake, the murderin' t'ief! Peter, go

home an' fetch back more sleds an' men, an' the meat 'll be here for ye."

TO BE CONCLUDED.

SISTERS

By Beth B. Gilchrist



Of course Pauline had the mirror. Jane was accustomed to that. They were both accustomed to it. Pauline used the mirror more than Jane used it; therefore it seemed right that it should appear as Pauline's property. The fact that it went with the room and thus belonged to both of them was lost sight of in the more important fact that Pauline monopolized it.

Jane had learned how to do her hair without a mirror. So often the mirror was busy reflecting Pauline she almost had to! Pauline's reflection was worth struggling over, and Jane's was not. There you have the matter in a nutshell. It made little difference how much Jane fussed; the effect remained much the same, good but not brilliant. So she had given up fussing. In Pauline's case fussing couldn't seem to make her any prettier; Jane often thought she looked prettier before she did her hair at all, but it was fun to do it.

Pauline's beauty was an important fact in the Foyles family. It gave Pauline an advantage. No one, least of all Jane, thought of envying her the advantage. You accepted it as you accepted rain or sunshine and acted accordingly. When the Willard cousins, who weren't cousins at all by blood but only by grace of being children of mother's most intimate girl friend, sent the Foyles a box of their perfectly good but unworn last year's clothing Pauline had the pick of the box, because, whereas Jane looked well enough in anything that was clean and whole, Pauline was even more pretty than usual in certain colors. When ornaments came Pauline annexed them, not greedily,—make no mistake about that,—but naturally, because they looked so well against the lovely freshness of her skin or matched her hair or her eyes so beautifully. When Dick needed help in his arithmetic he didn't ask Pauline, who had brains enough, but Jane, who wasn't expecting a boy or two to call, and who, though she was sufficiently at home in the gay group of young people on the porch, wouldn't be missed if she weren't there. Whereas, if Pauline were obliged to leave the group, the heart of the party would depart with her.

So much to show how natural it was that Pauline should have the mirror.

But Jane couldn't help feeling a pang when Pauline also wanted to take Jane's beloved green beads. They weren't rare or costly, but they were beautiful.

"You don't mind lending me your green beads for the afternoon, do you, Jin?" Pauline said, critically eyeing the curl above her left ear. "Aunt Mollie's letting me wear her green and white sweater. With my green hat and your beads my costume will be made."

"I had meant to wear them myself."

"Oh, had you? But you don't really care, do you? Help yourself to anything in my box that you like, you know."

Pauline was generous enough, almost too generous with what for the moment she wasn't using: clothes, hats, ornaments, boys, everything. When Pauline had helped herself she wanted everyone else supplied. If you were her friend, she would go out of her way to take you to a party, put herself to no small trouble to see that you were supplied with the same sort of invitation that she had, dress you up in anything she didn't wish to wear herself, hunt up a boy for you if you hadn't one and tell him what a beautiful time he would have with you. Everything she had left was yours—everything.

She asked Jane now, when she was done with the mirror, if she didn't care to look in it. She even said, "Push me out, Jinny, whenever you want to see."

"Oh, I'm done. Don't I look all right?"

Pauline tipped Jane's hat a bit, poked a flower there, pulled a ribbon here and said generously, "Oh, fine! Here are my corals. They will finish you just right."

But as the coral beads snapped round Jane's neck she couldn't help wondering what would happen if she ever should take Pauline at her word and push her out. Somehow that picture never focused. She couldn't imagine it any more than she could imagine not giving up her green beads when Pauline wanted them.

Mother was reading a letter when the two girls went downstairs. She was so absorbed in it she didn't look up. Jack bounced in at the door with a demand for somebody to sew on a button. While Jane was looking in the sewing basket for thread Mrs. Foyles swept the sheets of her letter together and laid them on the table. "How would you like to entertain a guest this summer, childrer?"

"Who?"

"Boy or girl, mother?"

"Anybody we know?"

"You know of him. Helen Willard writes me that she and Warren are called to South America on business. The younger children will go to her sisters'. Betty and Nell have chosen camp life. Edward goes to his uncle's at the shore. William has an idea he would like to come here."

"Bill Willard? Wants to come here?" cried Pauline.

Jack whistled, and Jane fastened her thread.

"Why shouldn't he want to come here?" mother inquired. "I presume the young Willards have heard as much about you as you have about them. And you know for

Pauline's face, its absorbed look of anticipation, of contemplated enjoyment. It wouldn't mean much to her, Jane, reflected Pauline's sister, as least nothing personal. But she could watch. She should share in the general quickening of interest that the newcomer's advent must bring. A warm pride in Pauline swept her. Bill Willard couldn't know any girl prettier than Pauline!

Tom Stickney's car with three or four young people in it purred to a halt on the drive outside. Jack slid into his coat. Jane put away the sewing basket. Pauline swept out at the head of the trio, forgetting that she had meant to chaff Tom for a slight negligence on his part the day before.

What she did say presently with a pretty air of carelessness was that Bill Willard was coming. Jane caught phrases, broken bits of sentences, that drifted back into the car: "Best tennis player"—"Won a cup they're terribly keen on"—"Yes, oodles of money." It didn't ring right; it sounded as if the money had mattered.

Presently the carload of young people were all as much excited as Pauline and Jane and were looking forward to Bill Willard's coming as to a great event. Jane wondered how Jack felt. He didn't add to the talk otherwise than to say once, "I guess he's a regular fellow all right enough." To Jane he growled, "My, I'd hate to be Bill Willard. Those girls are going to eat him up."

Jane was astonished to find Pauline so much excited. Pauline was usually careless. Boys came, boys went; Pauline's air said one more or less didn't matter. Jane could see that Bill Willard was special. He was to be their guest, and Pauline meant to see that he had a good time of course. Jane caught more fragments of talk.



children, that fact won't trouble her son. Anyway, the cooking is what a boy takes to. I'll leave you to finish up, Jinny, and fly to my pies. Where's Pauline?"

"Upstairs. Trying a new way Clare Lake's cousin has of doing her hair."

And then Bill Willard was among them, and they forgot

all about what he was and wasn't used to and the flutter they had all been in over his coming. Bill Willard was the sort of boy who fits anywhere. He could talk to anybody and like it, and neither from his speech nor from his manner would anyone guess that he was used to anything very grand at home. He and Jack were friends from the beginning. You could tell by his face that he thought Pauline the prettiest girl he had ever seen, but he was just as pleasant to Jane as he was to her prettier sister. From the start red-headed, freckled Dick adored him.

"It's great to see you people," he said; "mother has always told us such a lot about you."

"He's just as splendid as I thought he'd be," Jane said as the sisters were undressing together.

"Isn't he!" agreed Pauline. "Jinny, did you notice something? I wore that yellow satin skirt that must have belonged to one of his sisters last summer, and he never looked as if he'd even seen it before!"

"Oh, he's nice," said Jane.

So the town thought. The younger element that had planned to be as grand as it could slipped with new zest back into its old simplicities. When a boy enjoyed the things you ordinarily did as much as Bill Willard seemed to enjoy them, why bother to go out of your way to do unusual things? The town had a wonderful time. It played tennis and

went on picnics; it canoed and tramped and did all the things that lay to its hand in summer—did them with a fresh sense of how jolly it was to do them. No one liked to miss anything that summer.

And of course Pauline was at the heart of the fun. Everything began as it should. Pauline and Bill Willard—you coupled their names as you had expected to join them. And Pauline was as generous as you had expected also. She shared the guest. But all the while of course you knew she expected her rights. She got them.

But after a while Jane noticed things. Bill Willard let other fellows have their innings sometimes; he went off and read when he might have been playing tennis or canoeing with Pauline. He even talked to her, the plain sister, more than politeness required. Jane was torn between pride in her sister's beauty and amused interest in discovering this boy's immunity. The pride wanted Bill to be as completely bowled over as other boys had been; the amused interest found it pleasant to see some one who could hold up his head independently.

"What's that?" asked Bill, finding Jane buried in a book.

She showed him.

"I say, do you like it?"

"Love it!"

"I never found a girl before who did."

"Why not?"

"You tell me."

"But I do," said Jane.

"Jinny! Jinny!" It was Pauline's voice calling. "Oh, here you are. Will you mend this horrible rent for me? I'll do it myself, but Tom's coming, and I had planned to wear this tonight. I'd forgotten the tear."

"Why don't you wear your blue?"

"That old rag? It's in shreds. Come Jinny, please, there's a darling. You don't want to read—not this minute. I'd mend it myself if I only had time; you know I would."

Jane gave up. She had wanted to read, but what could you do if gown, needle and silk were all plumped down in your lap?

Pauline smiled adorably. "Come on, Bill. There's Tom. Let's pick up a girl and have a game."

They went off, laughing.

But that night after supper Bill, who was wiping the dishes as Jane washed them, asked a question. "What makes you let her bully you?"

"Who?"

"Pauline."

Jane stared. "What do you mean?"



He stared at her oddly for a long minute

some time they have had a standing invitation."

"Which we never dreamed they'd accept," put in Pauline.

"Well, now Helen has written to ask if we mean it. What do you say?"

"I say come," said Pauline quickly. Her lips were parted, her dimples in play. You could see she was anticipating the event with keen pleasure.

"Jack?" inquired mother.

"He might as well come if he wants to. Knows we're not grand, doesn't he?"

"Jack!" Pauline turned on him. "As if we weren't perfectly equal to entertaining anybody for the summer!"

Jack laughed. "I guess you think you are, old lady."

"Jane?"

"Why, yes, mother."

The simple words conveyed no sense of Jane's excitement. Bill Willard! Here for a summer! All the things she had ever heard about him crowded into her remembrance. His gayety, his prowess, his good looks, his—everything. Then she turned and saw

"That dress—when you wanted to finish the book."

"Oh!" Jane's face crinkled into laughter. "I'm a mush, I suppose. And she did have to have it. I finished the book afterwards."

"How'd you like the end?"

"Loved it! But I hated the part just before." They launched into animated discussion.

It was odd, yet Jane seemed to see more of Bill Willard than she had ever dreamed of seeing. But then, didn't everyone see a great deal of him? Even Dick and the baby! It occurred to Jane now and then that Bill didn't miss much of what went on in the household, that he saw perhaps more than you always meant to have him see. Jane didn't mind. The more he was about the better she liked him.

That is why it hurt her so terribly not to be able to go to the Blacks' party. But she didn't say anything; it wasn't her way to say much. There wasn't any alternative; she saw that at once. Father and mother and Aunt Mollie had to go to a funeral, and the train didn't get them back till ten o'clock. Miss Frink, who at a pinch could usually come in for an evening, was on a visit to her sister in Boston. And Grandma Balch—grandmother to the street by courtesy—had departed on a trip with her daughter. For one reason and another there wasn't a soul outside the house to be had.

It was to be a grand party, the most important of the summer, in the Blacks' big new house on Creek Road. Jane liked parties; especially she liked to see new places and things. Although a party didn't ordinarily yield so much to her as to Pauline, Jane had been having an astonishingly good time of late, and she couldn't help feeling that the good time would have kept right on at the Blacks' party. However, it was no use thinking about that.

When mother said, "Girls, I am so sorry, but I don't see but that one of you will have to stay at home; we can't leave Dick and the baby alone in the house," Jane knew perfectly well which it would be. But for a few moments she didn't say anything; she couldn't.

Pauline spoke first: "Oh, mother, can't it be managed somehow so Jane can go?"

That was like Pauline exactly, like her thoughtfulness and her selfishness. She was genuinely distressed, yet it never occurred to her that she shouldn't be the one to go. Neither did it occur to Jane. A party without Pauline? You might as well have suggested a party without refreshments! Why, Pauline was a party!

"Couldn't she come over after you get back?"

Jane sat very still.

"You know how that train is—always late," said mother. "But if one of the boys would drive in for her—"

"They wouldn't want to just at supper time," breathed Jane. But, oh, how she listened for the next words!

"That's just the trouble," said Pauline. "The Blacks are five miles out, and it would be about refreshment time when she'd be ready. Most of the party would be over. If only we had a car! Then father could drive her out."

"I'm sorry, dear," mother said. Her eyes were troubled and tender.

"Oh, it's all right, mother," Jane said bravely.

But it didn't feel right; it felt very far from it. Jane had a good cry where nobody saw or heard her. Then she stopped thinking about the matter.

"Look here, what's this?" Bill Willard demanded the morning of the day when the party was to be held. "Pauline says you're not going tonight."

"No, I can't," Jane managed to smile. She was filling the vases with fresh flowers, and her task gave her an excuse for keeping her eyes lowered. Fresh flowers were supposed to be the concern of both girls, but Pauline often was "busy." She was busy now playing tennis.

"Don't you want to go?"

"Want to!" Jane's eyes flashed. As if anyone could imagine a person's not wanting to go to a party! She began to explain hurriedly how impossible it was.



He cut her short. "What's to hinder Pauline's staying?"

"Pauline!" Jane gasped at him. "Why, Bill Willard, could you imagine a party in this town without Pauline?"

"She's a pig," Bill answered. "Don't you think I've got eyes in my head?"

Jane almost dropped the vase she was lifting. She set it down carefully and turned to the boy. The keen dark eyes in the tanned face were watching her closely. Jane, intent, paid no heed. Here

was a mistake that must be set right at once. "That isn't the way to look at it," she said to him earnestly. "Of course I like parties, but I'm not important to them the way Pauline is. I'm not necessary. Don't you see if she stayed away what it would mean to everybody? I could stay away and not be missed—scarcely. I'd be the pig if I made her have to stay away and disappoint people."

A queer look came into the dark face. "So that's the way you look at it!" He stared at her oddly for a long minute, as if he were seeing her for the first time. At last he gave a little jerk and glanced at the vases on the table. "Where do you want this thing put?" was all he said.

"On the bookcase in the library. I'll show you."

Just the same, though Jane knew it was inevitable, it was hard to help Pauline dress instead of dressing herself, hard to watch them all drive off in Tom's car, excited and eager and sorry to leave her behind, but still happy. Even Bill, who more than the others had seemed to notice that she was not going, only waved and said, "By, Jin. Wish you were going."

Bill and Jack had insisted on helping to wash the supper dishes before they dressed. That is why she could be sitting out on the porch now instead of fussing round in a hot kitchen. Dick stopped swinging on the gate, trotted up and sat down beside her. Jane began his bedtime story and tried to make it as exciting as possible. And after that she put the little boy to bed, giving back warmly the hug of the stout little arms. Then she went down to the porch hammock and curled up to watch the night. The baby was asleep. There was no one to talk to; all the girls and boys were at the party. Jane tried to imagine what it was like, but presently decided against that diversion. It made her wish too much that she were there herself.

How dark it was! It must be growing late, nearly time for father and mother's train. The evening had seemed interminable. That was the way with time; it dawdled so when you weren't particularly enjoying it and hurried so when everything was jolly. How bright the stars were! So many and so still and cool looking. The air was freshening. Was that the baby? No, all was calm. Well, something would happen soon now.

"Br-r-r!" went the telephone.

Jane jumped up from her step and ran into the house.

"That you, Jin?" said a voice. "Train's fifteen minutes late. I telephoned to find out. Pop into your duds. I'll be in for you in half an hour."

Jane caught at the table. "Bill! Is that you? What do you mean?"

"What I said. Didn't you hear me?"

"Yes, but—"

"Then pop along. Thirty minutes to pink."

He rang off. The room spun round the girl. Had she heard aright? But she couldn't stop now to question or worry or wonder. Her feet pulled her upstairs. Her fingers flew at buttons and hooks.

Half an hour later the hum of a motor sounded in the yard. Voices of father and mother—Bill's voice—steps on the piazza.

Jane, halfway downstairs, met mother. "Run along, dear," she said, kissing her daughter. "Bill's waiting. I'm sorry the train was late."

Bewildered, the girl jumped into the waiting car. The boy leaned across and swung the door shut.

"Oh, I forgot," said Jane. "I feel sort of—addled, Bill. Why did you do it?"

"Don't you like it?"

"Love it!"

The car swung under a street lamp. How

splendid Bill looked in his evening clothes. He hadn't bothered to put on even a dust coat. The wind was blowing his black hair. And he had done this for her, the plain sister! How nice he was, oh, how nice! She tried to tell him so.

"Don't make any mistakes," said Bill. "I'm not doing this to please you, Jinny."

"Who then?"

"Me. You were so sure about a party's being OK without you. I didn't like to contradict, but I thought I'd find out. Well, I found out."

"You're driving pretty fast."

"I'm planning to get back for supper. Is it too fast?"

"Not a bit."

"You're having supper with me. Hope you don't mind."

"No—oh, no!" But how odd! "Did Pauline know you were coming for me?"

"Yes. I told her."

"She must have been surprised."

"She'll get over it all right," said Bill calmly.

Jane wasn't sure. It would jolt Pauline, jolt her terribly! Then she forgot about Pauline. She was happy!

BLOCKING TRAINS

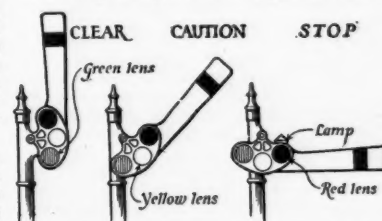
By Arthur Bechtol

WHAT do men in the railway towers do? What control have they over the movement of trains? Why do the passenger trains on which we ride sometimes stop several minutes at a tower, delayed by the position of a semaphore? How are the signals worked, and what do they mean? What precautions are taken to guard the lives of passengers?

Those and a host of other questions can be answered by an explanation of the "block system," of which nearly all of us have heard, but which, simple though it is, few of us understand thoroughly.

Railways are separated into divisions; between Pittsburgh and Chicago, for example, there are half a dozen or more. Each division is subdivided into blocks; each block is the distance between any two consecutive towers.

Over each division there is a dispatcher, who regulates the movement of trains, and who is the authority in an emergency. He issues train orders whenever they are required. The orders may cover any of a number of exigencies, such as the question which



of two trains has precedence over a block, or warnings to train crews to proceed with caution over a dangerous section of track made precarious perhaps by a washout, or instructions to the crew of a freight train to pull into a siding so that a passenger train can pass.

The orders are telegraphed to the man at the tower the train is approaching, and the tower man delivers them. They are of two kinds: "19" orders, which the tower man may hand on the train while it is moving and for which signatures are not required, and the more important "31" orders, which usually concern the movement of a passenger train, and for which the conductor and engineer of the train must sign at the tower. To avoid mistakes in train orders all tower men are required to repeat them to the dispatcher. After that has been done the dispatcher says over the wire "OK," or "complete," and gives the time. Thus the tower man who receives an "OK," or a "complete," on his order is relieved of any responsibility for its wording or meaning.

The tower man hands the "19" orders to the trainmen by means of a forked stick. The envelope is fastened on a piece of twine, which is strung across the stick, thus forming a loop through which the trainman can stick his arm and catch the order without the engineer's greatly retarding the speed of the train.

When the trainmen see a green or a yellow flag flying from the tower in the daytime or a green or a yellow lantern at night they know they are to receive orders. For the "31" order the red stop signal is set.

Red means danger on all railways. When a red signal is set against a train the engineer must stop before passing that signal. Running beyond a stop signal is a serious offense; it must never be done even upon oral orders of the tower man. If a signal is out of repair and set to stop, the engineer must not pull past it without obtaining a written "clearance card" signed by the tower man.

Green formerly was the signal for caution, and white meant "clear track." Within the past few years, however, most of the modern railways have substituted yellow for green, and green for white, so that now green is the clear signal, and yellow the cautionary signal. The reason for the change is that the green lens in a semaphore—which would signify "proceed with caution"—might be broken, thus permitting the light to shine as a white, or clear, signal instead. Eventually all the railways are expected to drop the old signals and change to the safer ones.

Semaphores are of two types, those that swing upward and the older signals that swing downward. The arm moves through an arc of ninety degrees. In the case of either set of signals a horizontal position means "stop," a vertical position "clear track," and a forty-five degree angle, or a position midway between the "stop" and the "clear," "proceed with caution." Flags and semaphores are the signals used in daytime. At night red, green and yellow lanterns take the place of flags; and on the end of the semaphore arm are three colored lenses that swing in front of a light when the semaphore is set.

The semaphores are worked from the telegraph towers, some by electricity, some by mechanical levers. Most of the double-track railways have what is called an "interlocking system," an intricate system of levers that makes it physically impossible for a tower man to set a clear signal for a train that is approaching an open switch, or to run a train on a track on which a second train is approaching. Electric levers in some towers provide additional precaution by making it impossible to set a clear signal while another train is on the same block.

A freight train is permitted to proceed under a caution signal, but a passenger train may pass only a clear signal; and the tower man cannot give a passenger train a clear signal unless the track from his tower to the next in the direction the train is going is clear of trains. A freight train, however, is permitted to follow another freight in the same block. When they pass under the cautionary signal the trainmen know that there is another train not far ahead of them and that the responsibility for looking out for it theirs.

Each tower has its telegraph call, one or two letters. To explain the block system on a double-track railway let us suppose that we are in a tower whose call is "U," that the next tower east of us is "MR," and that the tower west of us is "WS." An eastbound train is coming toward WS. The tower man will call us, repeating "U" on the wire until we reply. Then in railway parlance he will "ask for block"; that is, he will ask whether the block between his tower and ours is clear of all trains so that he may permit the train to pass his tower. That is done by means of code numbers; a code is used merely for convenience. If the train is a



freight, he will merely say "3," or if it is a passenger, number 14 for example, he will say "36 r 14." The "36" means, "Is track clear?" the "r" means "for," and "14" is the train number.

If the track is clear, we at "U" tower reply "2." If it is not clear, we reply "5." When the train passes his tower he reports the fact to us as follows: "os U WS eb 14 by 817." The "os" means merely that he is about to report a train. Then he addresses us and signs his own call. The "eb" means eastbound; "14" is the train number; "by" means passing his tower at the time given, in this case "8.17."

That is the form. However, where traffic is heavy tower men frequently shorten it with each other, although they generally adhere strictly to it when reporting trains to the dispatcher. As a matter of fact the receiving tower man has heard the same train reported by other towers on the dispatcher's wire, and he knows what is coming, though he doesn't know the time. Thus on the block wires, or wires on which trains are reported between only two towers, the form is shortened to—in this case—"14 e 817," which is understood as well as the longer form.

Excluding message wires, the tower man uses three wires for his train work. One is the wire that extends from our tower U to tower WS, and that can be heard only in the two towers; the other block wire is east to MR, and only we two can use it. The third and busiest wire is the dispatcher's, which is clicking away nearly all the time with train reports from all over the division. The time of trains in passing each of three towers is kept by each of the three tower men and recorded on train sheets. The necessity for doing that will be seen further on. At our tower we keep a record of trains passing WS, U and MR. When WS reports number 14 to us we enter it on our eastbound train sheet as follows:

Number	WS	U	MR
8	7:11	7:22	7:48
14	8:17		

By looking at the record of the last train preceding number 14 we can tell whether MR has reported it to us as past his tower. As the sheet shows that he has reported it, we know that the block between our tower and MR is clear of trains for number 14, and that we may therefore give the train a clear signal. But we do not rely on that knowledge. We ask MR for block, saying "36 r 14," just as WS asked us for block when number 14 was approaching him. In this case, as the preceding train has passed MR, he will reply with the clear track signal, "2." Then we set our levers for the train to pass our tower. We do it just as soon as WS has reported the train, for it will be only a few minutes before it reaches us; the tower man who unnecessarily stops a train gets a warm reprimand or a "lay-off"—often both.

After number 14 has passed our tower we immediately enter the time on the train sheet and then set our signals back in "stop" position, where they are kept whenever no trains are approaching. First we report the train to MR, the tower that it is approaching, in order that he may have time to ask the next tower for clear track and set his signals before it reaches him. Next we report it to WS; that is second in importance, for another eastbound train may be approaching, and WS must know when the block is clear. Last of all we report it to the dispatcher.

Sometimes when trains are running close together it is necessary for the operator to hold one because the block is not clear. Had the preceding train not passed MR before number 14 reaches us, we should have been compelled to leave the semaphore set for "stop" and to have held the train at our tower until the block was clear. That is why, when riding on the second section of a passenger train, you frequently find the train held up at some lonely tower. The second section dare not pass any tower until the first has passed the next.

Tower men watch trains closely for "markers" on the engine that distinguish sections and for other markers on the caboose or rear passenger car that serve the same purpose as automobile rear lights. And by the rear lights you can tell whether the train is a passenger or a freight. If the trains are not carrying proper markers or if one of the marker lights is out, the tower man notifies the dispatcher, who sends a message to the next tower so it may be handed to the crew. Many hot boxes that require attention on through trains are discovered by the tower men as the trains pass their towers.

A tower man can never tell whether he will have a busy "trick," as his day's work is called, or a quiet one. There will be tricks when he will have nothing to do except set

his levers and report the trains as they pass. There will be tricks when he will be flooded with car reports, messages and train orders. But in spite of all his work he is not likely

to make a mistake in blocking trains, for the system is so carefully worked out that the chance of mistakes that might endanger passengers is nearly eliminated.



MCCUNE POTS A COYOTE

By James Sharp Eldredge

THE sultry quiet of the border morning was broken by the roar of a motor and the staccato popping of machine-gun fire. Across the desolate, open expanse of Morgan's Mesa, skimming the tops of the scraggly mesquite like a giant hawk, swept an army observation aeroplane. Standing erect in the rear cockpit was a slender figure whose eyes were glued to the sights of his Lewis guns. If you could have looked at him at close range, you would have seen that he was smiling and that his eyes behind their goggles were dancing. The pilot was smiling too. Both aviators, mere youngsters in appearance, were enjoying their chase of a wildly running coyote.

The pilot, listed on the roster of Flight A as Michael McCune,—he was little in stature and a bundle of steely nerves,—jerked the big plane up in a steep "chandelle." Leveling out, he switched on the interphone, the instrument that permits the pilot and the observer to talk to each other. "You sit down for a while," he said. "Let me take a shot at him."

A touch on his shoulder was the answer. He followed the pointing finger of the observer and spied a skulking shadow in the underbrush. The plane banked, and the shadow changed to a gray streak. But the animal was no match for the aeroplane. Relentlessly the machine gained. Its nose dropped, and the little pilot caught the low-running, gray animal in the telescope sight. His fingers pressed the triggers of the guns, and the two guns, mounted over the droning motor, spat a stream of steel-jacketed bullets spitefully between the whirling blades of the propeller. The coyote turned a somersault and crashed into a bush.

The aeroplane vibrated more than usual during the short burst from the guns and continued to vibrate even after the machine had "zoomed" away from the ground. McCune concluded that Rankin, the observer, had also been shooting. Slightly annoyed that his companion should interfere with what he regarded as his particular game, the pilot started to turn in his seat. Midway he checked the motion and stared. Then he faced to the front, jammed the throttle wide open and headed for the border patrol station at Laredo fifty miles east.

"When things are not right head for home," is an army aviator's motto. McCune had ample grounds for his action. Through the drumlike surface of the lower right wing were several small holes that had not been

there when the plane had started after the coyote. One landing wire was severed cleanly near the turnbuckle, and a white scar, unmistakably made by a bullet, ran diagonally across the surface of the wing strut nearest him.

When the aeroplane landed faultlessly at the aerodrome half an hour later both McCune and Rankin felt much relieved. Well aware of the load on the injured strut, McCune thanked his lucky stars that, more than half shot away as it was, the tough wood had held. Rankin was a prey also to growing anger. To be peacefully shooting coyotes after ending a successful patrol and then to be shot at as if you were a coyote yourself and to be unable to find the fellow who had done the shooting—for Morgan's Mesa as he had peered back on their trip home was bereft of life—was a combination of circumstances well calculated to upset the mind of a peppery aviator. A shattered wireless in the rear cockpit was mute evidence that the snap shooting of their invisible assailants had been good. The observer thirsted for revenge. Together the two men sought the flight commander and eagerly poured out their story.

To their astonishment their superior instead of sharing their indignation was jubilant. "You have unwittingly forced a gang of smugglers who have been causing every official in this section of the Mexican border many sleepless nights to show themselves," said Captain Stone. "Perhaps I can throw some light on the matter. An immense amount of goods, including opium and liquor, has been slipping through and finding its way to San Antonio and other cities north. Morgan's Mesa, one of the most forsaken spots in this unsettled country, has been suspected and watched, but never a thing traced. However, your experience this morning bears out a theory that has been advanced as a last resort. You know that the mesa terminates in cliffs that overlook the Rio Grande. In fact the entire southern boundary of that tract is a cliff formation some ten miles long that drops steeply down to the river. The geological maps of that section show limestone in the formation of the mesa. Putting two and two together, I am positive there are caves beneath that mesa through which the smugglers work. The smuggled goods are being sent north in a number of ways. Lots of stuff has been stopped,—in automobiles mostly, though some has been shipped by rail,—but the headquarters of the smugglers are still active. Well, you fellows have unintentionally put a feather in the cap of Flight A by finding the base of operations. All that remains is to pass the word along and wait for the capture."

"Where do we come in?" inquired Rankin. "We started all of this excitement and certainly are entitled to have a hand in bringing in the spoils!"

The captain shook his head. "The business of the air service is to find these fellows, not to fight them."

But Rankin refused to be crestfallen. "May we do some more looking if we promise to fly high?"

"Why, yes. But what do you want to do?" The observer smiled mysteriously. "We'll tell you later," was his only explanation.

An aeroplane, flying so high that it was a mere dot in the heavens and the drumming of its motor barely noticeable, circled above Morgan's Mesa until nearly sunset. Then it headed eastward.

That night the men in the photograph truck worked late. It seemed to them that they were doing a foolish piece of work, developing and enlarging thirty negatives of the same subject, a tract of barren land sparsely covered with mesquite and cactus. But when an hour past midnight McCune and Rankin pounced on the moist prints they took on a different meaning. Each was a perfect map, complete to the most minute detail, of Morgan's Mesa, and they had been taken at five-minute intervals. With the aid of a large reading glass the aviators inspected each photograph eagerly. Twenty prints they rejected, but on examining the twenty-first Rankin gave an exclamation of satisfaction. "Here we are, Mac!" he said.

Under the reading glass a tiny figure was just discernible near a large clump of mesquite. The next photograph showed that the figure had moved. In the one following it had gone. The next three prints that they inspected were barren, but the fourth showed two dots smaller than the head of a pin.

McCune chuckled delightedly. "The mystery is solved," he said. "I believe that's the clump of bushes the coyote was skirting when I shot him. These men, appearing and disappearing as they do, can come from only one place, a tunnel having an opening in that big clump of mesquite. This morning, or rather yesterday morning, they must have thought we were shooting at them, and they returned our fire."

With their arms full of photographs the two trotted over to the flight commander's tent and jubilantly routed their superior out of bed. Still in his pajamas, Captain Stone telephoned to the customs officials at Laredo and notified them of the discovery. He was smiling as he turned from the telephone. "Morill is coming out in a few minutes to get the pictures," he said. "They are going to start for the mesa at once."

Daylight found two curious aviators circling above Morgan's Mesa. The big camera, the lens of which protruded through the bottom of the fuselage, was loaded with one hundred and twenty exposures, and the shutter ticked regularly every three minutes. The shimmering line of the radio antenna curved back from the plane. By means of it Rankin flashed a report to the aerodrome every thirty minutes.

The first hour was quiet. Neither McCune nor Rankin was able to detect any sign of life on the deserted tableland below, although they were flying at an altitude of two thousand feet, barely a sixth of the height at which they had taken the photographs the afternoon before. They were not disheartened, however, for they knew that the eye of the camera would reveal many things that they were unable to see.

Rankin had just completed his second report and had settled down in his seat with a feeling that all was well when his satisfaction was brought to a sudden end. The roar of the motor lazily subsided.

"What's the matter? Going lower?" the observer inquired into the interphone.

"Have to—vertical drive shaft snapped," came McCune's disgusted tones. "Rotten place to land!"

During the next two minutes the observer

One hundred and forty pounds of bone and muscle struck him with a jolt



DRAWINGS BY W. F. STECHER

was busy sending a report of their misfortune to the aerodrome. He had time to repeat the message and to add an urgent S O S before it was necessary to reel in the aerial.

When he had finished his task, he grunted in astonishment. The pilot was heading the swiftly-descending plane for the only cleared space below, and it was uncomfortably close to the clump of bushes that marked the supposed entrance to the tunnel.

McCune skidded the plane sideways to reduce the speed, and the machine barely skimmed the upper branches of the large clump of mesquite as its speed dropped below the minimum. He jerked the control stick all the way toward him as the plane settled suddenly.

An observation plane with a full military load weighs a trifle under two tons. When that weight settles eight feet and is concentrated on three points, the two wheels and the tail skid, it strikes the ground a powerful blow.

Neither McCune nor Rankin knew exactly what happened. They felt the plane settle. There came the impact as it struck the ground and then a splintering sound broken by a succession of crashing jolts.

"Let me tell you something. Just untie these ropes for five minutes and I'll lick all three of you!"

Dimly McCune recognized the voice of the observer. A sardonic burst of laughter greeted the speech. McCune half opened his eyes.

"We won't let you loose until you're as stiff as that pal of yours," he heard some one say in a throaty voice. "And," it continued meaningly, "that may not be long."

McCune wanted to stretch, but his sixth sense warned him to conquer the desire to ease his muscles to a more comfortable position. He was not tied as was Rankin, who was trussed up like a market hog; he realized that his unknown captors had neglected to tie him because they believed he was out of commission for some time. So he simply lay still, scarcely breathing.

As his head cleared he looked round him. The place seemed like a great cave. Some forty feet away, crumpled against the opposite wall, lay the remains of the aeroplane. It was resting on top of a pile of rocks and dirt on which struck a shaft of light from a jagged hole in the roof some twenty-five feet above it. Before his survey was completed, McCune realized his predicament, as well as the reason why the vegetation grew so sparsely in the clearing on which he had landed. The ship had crashed through the roof of the smuggler's cave, and he and Rankin were neatly captured!

A slight noise behind the wrecked plane attracted his attention. In single file five little burros picked their way round the debris and leisurely crossed the cave; their ears were flapping lazily, and they showed no curiosity as to their whereabouts. The animals were driven by a peon as indolent in appearance as themselves. His every step seemed an effort. He was heavily armed, and his weapons were polished.

The throaty voice spoke again, and McCune took his eyes from the burro driver, who had joined two other Mexicans at a pile of boxes at the back of the cave, and studied the fourth man closely. He was an American, short and stocky, and his face, unlike the faces of the other men, was clean shaven and pallid. His features were heavy and commanding. McCune correctly judged him to be the leader.

"Help 'em load up, Pedro—pronto!" the man ordered curtly.

"Take your time, Pedro, old scout," countered the irrepressible Rankin. "It may be your last free act," he added as he thought of the officers who were supposed to have left Laredo several hours before. He devoutly wished that they would hurry. But any hope he may have had was dispelled by his captor's next words.

"Don't build air castles," the throaty voice advised him. "We're expecting visitors. As a matter of fact they'll be here in an hour. But we won't. Too bad, isn't it?"

"Why?"

"They might find a burning aeroplane and a singed helmet and goggles, and maybe something else."

"Do—do you mean—"

"Not for a minute; it would stir people up too much if we killed you." There was no

change in the tone of the voice. "But we'll take you across the river and let you and your friend when he comes round do a little work. It won't matter much what your friends think for a while. Then if you want to go back and are able to, why, maybe you can. It's only fair after all the trouble you've caused us." The cold, measured tones were even more menacing than the man's words.

"Why, you dirty coward!" cried Rankin. "I'll go across the river just in hopes of taking a good wallop at you. Any man that will taunt a fellow who's helpless—" The observer stopped for lack of adequate words. He struggled violently with the ropes that bound him and succeeded in gaining his feet and bracing himself defiantly against the wall of the cave.

His captor crossed to him and roughly thrust him off his balance. "Lay down, mister!" he said and accompanied his order with a kick.

McCune's brain had not been idle, and in the diversion that Rankin had caused he acted. The little pilot gained his feet with a bound and, darting across the cave, dived behind the plane. Even as he ran his hand emerged from his pocket with a small box of safety matches. Safe for a few seconds in the shelter of the wreck, he lit a match and touched it to the heads of the matches in the open box. As they flared he cast the box deftly at the base of the distorted gasoline tank. Then he leaped back with his arms before his face.

He was just in time. The gasoline tank flashed blindingly. In three seconds the plane was ablaze. Then McCune acted again. Well aware that retribution for his action would be painful, he resolved that it should be

purchased dearly. He made a flying tackle for the heavy-set man. Before the fellow could draw a weapon the little pilot, a ball of one hundred and forty pounds of bone and muscle, struck him with a jolt. The two crashed to the rock together. McCune fought with the ferocity of a battling tiger, and the damage that he inflicted was considerable. His antagonist was stiffening in his grasp when the butt of Pedro's revolver crashed into the back of his head, and he took a second and sounder nap than the one that had followed his forced landing.

The first person whom he recognized on his second awakening was Rankin. The observer was bending anxiously over him. "All right, old man?"

McCune nodded as vigorously as his splitting head would permit.

Rankin grinned and moved aside to give McCune a glimpse of Captain Stone. The other pilots of Flight A were gathered round,—Johnson, Cleveland, Jones and Burton,—and they were a welcome sight.

"You old war horse!" said the observer affectionately. "You outfitted us all. That burning plane blocked the only exit to this cave. The ceiling was too high to climb out. All that our friends the smugglers could do was rave—they did enough of that!—until the officers came. When they picked up my S O S at the aerodrome Captain Stone ordered the whole flight out. They spotted Sheriff Gordon, a couple of revenue men and Vail, the ranger, back by Cowan's Ranch fifteen miles from here. There they made a landing, borrowed horses and came on. But the best part of all is that our four friends are handcuffed and already on their way to a place where they won't upset any aviators for some time—and the sheriff has five burro loads of evidence that was here in the cave."

In the little officers' club of Flight A is a framed letter from the corps area commander, commending the action of Lieutenants McCune and Rankin. Every member of the flight from Wen Toy, the cook at the officers' mess, to Captain Stone himself, is proud of that letter. But McCune as he tenderly rubs a scar on the back of his head sometimes admits that he prefers straight flying to capturing lawbreakers.

"It is less strenuous," he says.

READY FOR ANYTHING

A VERY small boy with a very large gun was standing in a country road. "What are you hunting, bub?" asked a passer-by. "How can I tell?" was the reply. "I ain't seen it yet."



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INTERNATIONAL



Queen Marie of Roumania

FACT AND COMMENT

THE DRIFTING SHIP comes not to port. You must steer.

All the Way Outward and all the Way Back, Leading or following, Carry your Pack.

LET SOME ONE ELSE play the fool; it is too easy a part to be worth your effort.

THE LARGEST HOTEL in the world is to be built in Chicago on the site of the historic Palmer House, which is to be torn down. The cost will be \$20,000,000, and there will be 2268 rooms. That means \$9,000 a room, which lets a precursory ray of light play on the future cost of a night's lodging.

IN RUSSIA vagrancy among children is so prevalent as to shock even people who for ten years have seen little except suffering. Soviet newspapers report efforts by the government to deal with the evil, but the children are many and the means of caring for them are insufficient. The newspaper Pravda recently estimated that there are fifty thousand vagrant children merely in Moscow and its suburbs.

FIFTY MEXICAN STUDENTS have been educated in American schools in the last four years through the help of the Mexican-American Scholarship Foundation, an offspring of the Trade Congress that met in the City of Mexico in 1919. President Obregon, whose opinion of the United States changed after he had spent a few months here in 1918, earnestly believes in the work the Foundation is doing.

A COLD, DREARY WINTER and a late spring is the uniform report from northern Europe. England in particular complains that there has been "no proper sunshine for more than a year, and it gets into the system and causes misery." The medical men lay the prevalence of influenza and pneumonia there to the sunless winter. A popular prescription is "sunshine and rest," but the invalid has to travel to get the prescription filled.

THE OLYMPIC GAMES at Paris this year will bring together nearly six thousand athletes, representing thirty-five or more nations. Even such countries as Haiti, Chile, Egypt and Turkey, not usually supposed to have any interest in athletics, will send teams. The American team, which contains three hundred and twenty-five well-trained men, is generally thought to be good enough to win, but it is unlikely to win any such victory as the American team had at Antwerp in 1920. All over the world young men have been turning of late to athletic sports, and stadiums are beginning to appear in other countries than the United States.

A COMMITTEE of twenty-one educators is at work on plans for an institution that is not to be an old-fashioned finishing school, or yet a women's college patterned on colleges for men, but a college "to prepare young women whose ambition it is to become mothers and the founders of beautiful, wholesome homes." The curriculum will offer Latin, Greek and mathematics, but it will require modern languages, literature, history, art, music and the social sciences, child psychology, biology, physiology, eugenics, sociology, economics and chemistry and physics so far as they apply to the

needs of the household. It is the present intention to establish the college at Bennington, Vermont.

A GROWING ARMY OF TAX-EATERS

IN a recent address at Chicago Dr. Charles R. Brown, dean of the Yale School of Religion, mentioned several of the causes that brought about the fall of the classic civilization and found them all active here and now to corrupt and corrode our own social system. One was a greedy and thoughtless indulgence in luxury; another was the weakening of the family through easy and frivolous recourse to divorce; another was excessive taxation; and a fourth was the lowered standards of citizenship and civic responsibility.

All those sources of danger to the state exist and grow before the eyes of all of us. To take only one of them, which is all that we have space for in a single article, the present weight of taxation and the diversion of talent and capacity from productive work to clerical employment in a thousand government bureaus are a burden that no state can carry without fatigue. Of course a great part of our tax bill is the still undischarged cost of the war, but even so the increase in the expense of government is alarming.

There are today 544,671 civilian employees of the national government, and the number of officials of all sorts supported by the tax levies is put by the National Industrial Conference at 3,400,000. The public pay roll consumes about \$4,000,000,000. Of every dozen wage-earners one is a government employee. There are twice as many as there were twenty years ago, though the population has increased by only forty per cent. If population and the extension of governmental activities increase in the same ratios for another forty years, one out of every five workers will be a government clerk or official supported by the wage-earners and taxpayers of the community.

It is fair to think of the annual tax bill as the interest on a blanket mortgage placed on all the wealth of the country. Regarded thus, the tax mortgage amounts to \$170,000,000,000, which is more than half the value of all the property in the United States. That is a heavy burden, but we can carry it, we are carrying it, without staggering too much; but it cannot be greatly increased with safety, and it is being increased every year.

"Men said in Rome of excessive taxation," declared Dr. Brown, "if the government is going to take it all, what's the use?" and so the wheels of all industry were clogged." Men are beginning to say that here in the United States. They will say it more distinctly, and they will end by acting upon it, unless we find a way to make government less expensive.

AN AGRICULTURAL LEAGUE OF NATIONS

THE International Institute of Agriculture at Rome is the most successful existing attempt at friendly coöperation among the nations. The Institute was established nineteen years ago, the dream of David Lubin, an American citizen of Polish birth who lived in California. He realized years ago what many of us are just beginning to learn, that in considering the supply of food and other products of the soil we must think of the world as a unit. Modern means of transportation have made it possible to move with little difficulty and at small expense the bulks in which agriculture deals. Almost no nation today lives wholly to itself in such matters. We are exporters of some things, importers of others, and those who cultivate the soil in one country find their prosperity inevitably affected by the abundance or the scarcity of crops in other parts of the world.

The International Institute of Agriculture—which would have had its headquarters in Washington instead of in Rome if Mr. Lubin had been able to "sell" his idea to the man who was our Secretary of Agriculture in 1905—collects through its own organization crop reports and estimates from every part of the globe and transmits them to every other part. It is possible, for example, for a farmer in the wheat region of the United States to receive in the afternoon the report of the crop situation in Argentina, sent out from Buenos Aires on the morning of the same day. Without the services of the Institute such information would take weeks to reach him, if indeed it ever reached him at all. Farmers whose crops sell in a world market can keep closely and intelligently

informed of every pertinent fact throughout the world. Merchants who deal in agricultural products that come from distant lands can get from the Institute service the best and latest news about the crops in which they are interested. The Institute also helps to distribute information about plant diseases and to coördinate the activities of the different nations in combatting them.

Sixty-two governments, representing ninety-seven per cent of the population of the world, are adherents of the Institute. No other organization so nearly commands the interest and support of the entire human race, and few other organizations do a more useful work in knitting together the nations and in bringing home to them their dependence on one another and the advantages of friendliness and mutual good will in the conduct of international affairs.

ALOOFNESS

THE person who holds himself habitually aloof from other people, who seldom confides his thoughts to anyone and seems to seek no friendly interchange of ideas, is almost always a person with a false idea of his relation to other people. Either he is arrogantly conscious of his superiority or meekly conscious of his inferiority. Sometimes there is a curious blend of the two motives, to be seen in persons who have some brilliancy of mind but who are handicapped by physical disability; the knowledge of power on the one hand and the sense of weakness on the other make them abnormal in their social outlook.

Upon the persons who maintain a supercilious aloofness there is little need to comment. Neither suggestion nor criticism will do them any good. They are quite likely anyway to have as satisfactory a life as most of us. People are not often aware of their superiority without actually being in some respects superior people; and much as we may be annoyed by the conceit and superciliousness that they display we have to reconcile ourselves to the spectacle of success that superiority and self-confidence achieve.

But there is something to be said about those more numerous persons who get into the habit of holding themselves meekly aloof. Perhaps through no fault of theirs they are square pegs in round holes, with no ability to hop out and fit themselves into the square holes on the other side of the fence. They are only too well aware of their numerous failures and shrink more and more into themselves in consequence. And the shrinking does not help them to fill their holes any better.

Then there are the people who find themselves increasingly engrossed in the routine of their business and in family cares, and who feel at a disadvantage in the society of the alert, the well-informed, the outward-looking. They withdraw into their shells, and because they think they can't make any adequate return in the game of social intercourse they decide to remain in their shells instead of going out to play.

What is to be done about these two classes of people, the shrinkers and the shell-dwellers? It is hard for anyone to get rid of what the psychologists call an "inferiority complex." If those who have it could realize that the main difference between them and other people is that they show a poorer spirit of sportsmanship than others, they might effect their own cure. Nothing touches a person in quite so sensitive a spot as the charge of poor sportsmanship. Yet that is really what ails the meek isolationists.

A ROYAL MATCHMAKER

ONE of the cleverest and most interesting of the royal personages who still maintain their balance on the shaking thrones of Europe is Queen Marie, the beautiful wife of the King of Roumania. Queen Marie has great personal charm and a carriage and manner of real dignity; she looks the part she plays with so much skill. She is also a shrewd politician, abler and more resourceful in every way than her rather colorless husband, King Ferdinand. She is a granddaughter of Queen Victoria and a daughter of that Duke of Edinburgh who in later years became the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. Her mother was a sister of the Russian Czar Alexander III. Her husband is a Hohenzollern, a distant cousin of the former Emperor of Germany. Queen Marie is credited with as much political influence over her husband as

Queen Sophia of Greece had over King Constantine. Certainly it is true that Greece, contrary to its engagements and its interests, followed the course during the war that its Hohenzollern queen desired; and it is equally true that Roumania, though its king is a Hohenzollern, has allied itself with the countries with which its queen sympathizes.

Since the war Queen Marie has been busy in matrimonial politics of the old-fashioned sort. She has aimed to bring Roumania into close relations with the other Balkan states. Her eldest son married a princess of Greece, and her eldest daughter, Elizabeth, is the wife of that King George whom the Greeks recently deposed in order to establish a republic. King George's misfortune has disarranged Queen Marie's plans not a little, but she has a daughter who is married to Alexander, King of the Serbian—or Jugo-Slavian—state, and two younger children—a boy, Nicholas, and a girl, Ileana—for whom she is trying to arrange advantageous marriages.

The gossips of the European courts say that the Queen of Roumania is determined that her son shall marry Princess Mafalda of Italy. Her idea is that such an alliance would draw Italy and Jugo-Slavia together, put an end to the jealousies that separate those two kingdoms and also favorably connect Roumania with Belgium, the Crown Prince and the Princess of which are said to be as good as betrothed respectively to the Princess Giovanna and the Crown Prince of Italy. More important still is Queen Marie's ambition for her youngest daughter. She hopes to capture for her that eligible but elusive young man, the Prince of Wales.

We hear of the royal matchmaker, now in one European capital, and now in another, pulling in pursuance of her interesting plans all the strings that she thinks may be politically serviceable to her country or to her dynasty. Everywhere she makes an agreeable impression: the Parisians, who are susceptible to gracious and attractive queens wherever they come from, were delighted with her. If charm and persistence have their fitting reward, Queen Marie will end by building up a very ingenious structure of matrimonial relationships, intended to compose the dangerous jealousies of the Mediterranean kingdoms and to enhance the political importance of Roumania. But royal intermarriages are not so influential in politics as they once were. National interest and national ambition are more decisive of national action than dynastic unions, however close. Queen Marie may succeed in all her schemes and yet find that they are quite incapable of producing the results for which she labors.

LIBERALS

IN view of the traditional antagonism between conservative and liberal, it is curious that no true conservative ever feels quite satisfied at being adjudged as illiberal in spirit. Liberals seldom crave a reputation for conservative traits or tendencies, yet conservatives seem always to have an underlying fondness for at least some of the qualities of the liberal. Certainly in the names by which the two opposing groups are known and which might be expected to define their attitudes the liberals have all the advantage. They have somehow succeeded in appropriating to themselves the right to be regarded as the champions of freedom, and the only wonder is that with such an enormous strategic advantage to begin with they ever fail to command an overwhelming following.

The person who is truly liberal in mind and spirit is likely to be conservative in his views on some subjects, radical in his views on a few, open-minded, interested and without prejudice or prepossession in his attitude towards many; but persons of that type are not usually those who give the distinctive tone to the group known as "liberal." The liberal who is consciously, actively, professionally, a liberal is almost always possessed with the idea that unjust or unnecessary or iniquitous forms of constraint are hampering the efforts and interfering with the happiness of mankind. He sees the constraining influence of the ideas and traditions and conventions to which people patiently submit; he sees the constraining influence of certain types of education; he sees the constraining influence of wealth and of poverty; and he has an ardent desire to emancipate his fellow men who are suffering—perhaps more or less unawares—under such crippling influences. The liberal is always prone to follow the impulse to liberate—without

inquiring whether the bondage that rouses his indignation may not be a happier condition for those who are enduring it than the vacant freedom that he seeks to bestow on them.

The liberal, who, from his very name, ought to be broad-minded and tolerant, has usually the weaknesses as well as the virtues of the zealot, the crusader. Generous and idealistic in his aims, he seldom does justice to the motives or the intelligence of those who oppose them. The egotists are mostly to be found in the camp of the liberals; the plain, unspectacular character of the conservatives does not attract them. Sometimes they are egotists of the introspective, diffident sort, like him who said:

The time is out of joint; O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!

More often they are egotists of the high-stepping, forward-looking, head-in-the-air variety; and because most liberal movements attract to themselves a superfluity of such persons the conservatives, in spite of the handicap of their name, continue to hold their own.

The Editor's BULLETIN BOARD

GRATIFYING

indeed is it to have the value of *The Companion* as an educational force and an aid in inculcating good citizenship so widely recognized. In the last twelve months we have had more than

ONE HUNDRED REQUESTS

for leave to reprint one or more selections from *The Youth's Companion*. Those requests have come from publishers of educational books, from business men who have found something striking and usefully inspiring that they wish to bring to the attention of their employees, from individuals who wish to use some telling poem or passage on cards of greeting, from teachers who find some bit that they know will help their pupils.

All the requests are a tacit recognition of *The Companion* as a source not merely of entertaining reading but of sound thinking, sound English and sound morality.

CURRENT EVENTS

IT is unfortunate that just at the moment when repeated investigations at Washington have produced a mass of testimony that has shaken the confidence of the public in the integrity of our public men confidence should be further shaken by the discovery of fraudulent practices by Warren T. McCray, the Governor of Indiana, in connection with his business affairs. McCray's offenses are not political. So far as we know he is not accused of misusing his office in any way. It was in the attempt to escape from serious financial difficulties in his private affairs that he descended to conduct that led the judge to say that he had never seen so many felonies committed by one man. But McCray holds—or held—a conspicuous public office, and his disastrous appearance in the criminal court will still further irritate public opinion.

THE report of the Dawes commission on the financial situation in Germany has been received with general respect and considerable applause. It is recognized as the most thorough and impartial investigation into that confused and controversial subject that has yet been made. So far as the findings of the commission go there is no evidence that any political influence whatever was permitted to corrupt the judgment of the experts. Political considerations prevented them from making recommendations on every point, but economists, financiers and statesmen agree that they did lay a hopeful and sound foundation for restoring peace and business stability in Europe. No gov-

ernment has ventured to dissent from the report. France and Belgium through their premiers have agreed to its terms, though they still insist that before they withdraw their troops from the Ruhr there must be some guaranty or some penalties for German failure to live up to the arrangements. Great Britain through Premier MacDonald heartily accepts the report; whether it can be brought to see eye to eye with France and Belgium on the question of penalties is still in doubt. Responsible German opinion is convinced that Germany must accept it or that worse will follow. The death of Herr Stinnes and that of Dr. Helfferich—who was lately killed in a railway accident—has weakened the forces of the party that might have resisted. Unless Germany falls wholly into the hands of the unreasoning Junkers, there is an excellent chance of a real concerted effort to put an end to the deadlock to which Germany and the Allies have come.

A FEW weeks ago *The Companion* spoke of a fund bequeathed by Benjamin Franklin to furnish prizes for achievement in scientific research and said that prizes from the income had been awarded to the late Charles P. Steinmetz, Dr. Omori of Japan and Mr. Pierson W. Banning of Los Angeles. It now appears that the whole story was an ingenious hoax perpetrated by Mr. Banning, who asserts that he circulated the falsehood to call attention to a book of his and to win a wager he had laid that he could "concoct a story that would receive international publicity." The hoax was exposed through an investigation in which the American Medical Association took a leading part. The *Companion* regrets that in common with the rest of the American press it was imposed upon by what Mr. Banning calls "a joke."

FOR years there has been continual discussion about the proper name of that great snow-clad peak which dominates the country to the south of Puget Sound. Sometimes it was called Mt. Tacoma, a somewhat Anglicized form of an Indian word that means "snowy mountain," and sometimes it was called Mt. Rainier after a British admiral who was perhaps the first white man to see its splendid mass rising from among the forests at its base. For a time Rainier seemed to have triumphed. The Board of Geographic Names preferred Mt. Rainier, and the National Park in which the mountain stands was named the Mt. Rainier Park. But the advocates of the Indian word never abandoned the contest, and their arguments have at last persuaded the Senate to pass a resolution changing the name of the mountain to Tacoma.

IRELAND—and Great Britain too—is disturbed by the breakdown of the recent conference on the question of the boundary between the Free State and Ulster. The consultations were prolonged until it became evident that the two parties could not agree. The Free State delegates insisted that the parts of Tyrone and Fermanagh that are predominantly Catholic and Nationalist in sentiment should be ceded to the Free State, but the Ulster representatives would not agree to the proposal. Unless the dispute is to remain an unhealed sore, a constant invitation to quarrels that may grow into armed clashes, the British government will have to take a hand in settling it. The present ministry is likely to take the view of the Free State rather than the view of Ulster, but it is doubtful whether it could carry the House of Commons with it, and it is certain that it could not carry the House of Lords.

THE proposed union of the Congregational, Methodist and Presbyterian Churches in Canada, which was on the verge of success, has been checked by the action of the Ontario legislature, which has added to the enabling act a clause preserving the three churches as separate entities and permitting any individual churches that prefer to remain outside the union to keep the property owned by the parent organization. That action has aroused a great deal of feeling among the members of the three churches, who resent the attempt of the state to interfere in matters of church polity, and who believe that it is a violent encroachment on the freedom of the churches. If the legislature persists, it will furnish all the material for a lamentable political battle.



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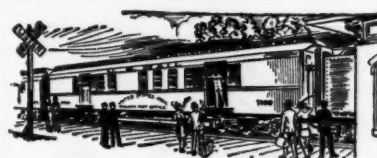
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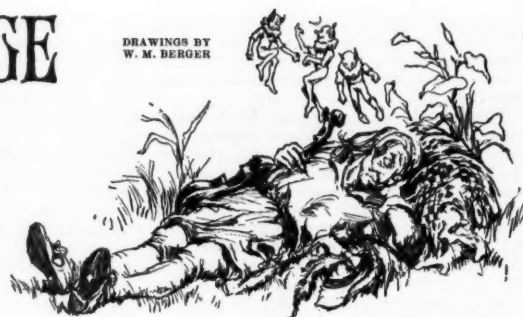


CHILDREN'S PAGE

The Elves and the Fiddler

By May Justus

DRAWINGS BY
W. M. BERGER



They were peeping at an old man who was sleeping

Diddle and his little brother Deedle,
and his very little brother Dee-Dum-Dee
HAVE you ever heard of Diddle
and his little brother Deedle
And his very little brother Dee-
Dum-Dee?

They were roguish elves and merry, fond of
fun and frolic, very,
And could do a trick or two, as you shall see.

Now it happened they were peeping at an
old man who was sleeping
With a red and yellow fiddle on his arm.
Whispered Diddle, "Let us hide there; it
must be quite nice inside there,
And it surely cannot be a bit of harm."

THE BIRD THAT SPOKE IN TIME

By E. W. Frenz

LITTLE SAMUEL PEABODY was sitting on
the doorstep of the
mountain cabin where he
and his parents were
spending the summer. Mr.
and Mrs. Peabody had
gone that morning to the
great blueberry plains be-
low, where thousands of
quarts of the ripe fruit
hung ready to be picked.
Sam had wanted to go too,
but his father had said it
was too far for him to walk,
and so now he was sitting
there alone on the doorstep
and wondering what he
should do if a bear came.

Turning his head toward the open door,
his eye fell upon a box of candy on the table.
His mother had told him not to touch it, but
a look could do no harm. On top was a
broken piece. Perhaps that wouldn't count.
Sammy put it into his mouth. It tasted so
good that before he knew it he had eaten
another piece, and then—the box was empty!

Sammy was frightened. His mother was
sure to ask about the candy, and he didn't
want to tell a lie. Perhaps if mother didn't
see the box, she might forget. So he took it
from the table and started up the hill to
hide it. He was just stooping to push it under
a log when from above his head there came
a sharp, clear voice, "Oh! Sam Peabody! Oh!
Sam Peabody, Peabody, Peabody!"

Sammy stood up with a jerk. There in the
tree above him was a small bird with a black-
and-white cap on its head and a white spot,
like a handkerchief, under its throat; and as
Sam looked the bird called again, as plainly
as before, "Oh! Sam Peabody, Peabody,
Peabody!"

With the box under his arm Sammy ran
all the way back to the cabin, and when his
father and mother got home they found
him sitting on the step with the box by his
side.

When he had told them all about it his
father laughed and said, "Oh, yes, I know
that bird. He lives just a little way up the
path, and, since he seems to know you so
well, I should be pretty careful what I did,
if I were you. Did he tell you his name?"

"No, sir; he just called my name."

"Well, if you can find out what his nick-
name is, you will learn how he came to know
your name."



He walked along and played it
in the street



The fiddler was a sad
man—some folks said
he was a madman

Now the fiddler was a sad man,—
some folks said he was a mad-
man,—

But he happened to be only old and poor;
All his tunes he played for any who would
pay him with a penny,
For not many cared to hear him any more.

This the elves learned from the fiddle.
"What?" said Deedle. "What?" said Diddle.

"What can we do is the thing," said Dee-
Dum-Dee.

And they sat there in the fiddle and they talked
about the riddle
Till the answer was a plain as it could be.

"Ho!" the fiddler said, arising. "I have had a
dream surprising;

I have heard a fairy song, and it is sweet."
Then he took his bow and swayed it on the fiddle, and he
played it,
And he walked along and played it in the street.

Men and women ran to meet him; little children called to
greet him,



His fiddle tunes thereafter were as
sweet as happy laughter



They sat
there in the fiddle and
they talked about the riddle

BOBBIE'S BLUEBERRIES

By Minnie Leona Upton

BOBBIE GATES whistled gaily as he
trudged off across the cornfield to the
blueberry pasture. His mother had
told him that, if he would pick his luncheon
pail full of blueberries, she would make a
big, bouncing blueberry pie for supper.

"Blueberry pie—mmm!" said Bobbie
to himself as he climbed the wall between
the field and the pasture.

Since it was late in the season, the berries
were not very plentiful, and filling the pail
was slow work. But Bobbie kept at it until
it was rounding full at four o'clock by Bob-
bie's watch. There would be plenty of time
for mother to make the blueberry pie and
have it cool for supper.

Bobbie set his pail down beside a little
pine tree, straightened up and drew a long,
satisfied breath. "There!" he said to him-
self, for there was no one else to say it to.
Or was there? Through the fluffy green of the
little pine tree shone a pair of bright eyes.
They belonged to a young rabbit. How still
he sat!

"Oh!" thought Bobbie, "Perhaps I can
catch him and feed him so well and be so
good to him that he'll want to stay with me
and be my rabbit."

He put out his hand cautiously.

"Whish!" Bunny was gone.
But a little farther on Bobbie could see
the bushes move, and so he followed as
quietly as he could. Three times he almost
caught the little creature, but finally he had
to give up and stop. He was quite out of
breath. Then suddenly he thought of
mother's pie.

"Oh!" he cried, "I must go back and get
my pail and run for home!"

When he began to search for the pail it
seemed that there were a thousand little
pine trees, looking each as if it were the
one under which he had left his pail. From
one to another he ran, but no pail shone up
at him from the bushes. Then it began to
grow dark, and there was no use to hunt any
longer. If Bobbie had known that he couldn't

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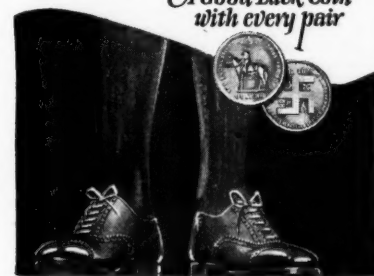
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SCHOOL AND CAMP DIRECTORY

The School Directory Department of The Youth's Companion will gladly send catalogues or other information to parents about schools or camps listed in this directory.

BOYS' SCHOOLS

LAWRENCE ACADEMY Groton, Mass.
WORCESTER ACADEMY Worcester, Mass.
DEWITT CLINTON SUMMER SCHOOL Newton, Mass.

GIRLS' SCHOOLS

KENDALL HALL (coll. prep.) Frides Crossing, Beverly, Mass.

MILITARY SCHOOLS

ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL Manlius, N. Y.
WENTWORTH MILITARY ACADEMY, Lexington, Mo.

PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS

PORTER PIANOFORTE SUMMER SCHOOL, Boston, Mass.
RUSSELL SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION Boston, Mass.
SCOTT CARBEE SCHOOL OF ART Boston, Mass.

SPECIAL SCHOOLS

STAMMERERS' INSTITUTE Boston, Mass.
FAUST SCHOOL OF PIANO TUNING Boston, Mass.

BOYS' CAMPS

RED CLOUD Brackney, Pa.

GIRLS' CAMPS

ANAWAN Meredith, N. H.
WYODA South Fairlee, Vt.

find the pail, he could have picked enough for a pie in his hat, lined with green leaves. But of course he was all the time expecting to find it the very next minute. But he didn't, and so there was no dessert for supper except cold rice pudding.

But there was a blueberry pie for supper the next night, and the next, and for a number of nights after that, for Bobbie picked a pailful of blueberries every day. But it was not in his little luncheon pail that he picked them. That was not found until the next blueberry season, a whole year later, but then it was found beneath the same little pine tree where he had set it down.

PAT, THE PEACEMAKER

By Daisy D. Stephenson

"YOUR lunch basket is ready, Billy," called his mother. "I put in extra cookies for Joe and some oranges fresh from grandfather's grove."

"You needn't," was Billy's astonishing reply. He came out on the porch with his bathing suit on his arm and his Airedale, Pat, at his heels.

"Why, Billy, you two playmates haven't been quarreling, have you?"

Billy scuffed his toes uneasily and looked down his freckled nose. "It was all his fault. He bragged that he could beat me swimming without half trying," he mumbled.

His mother looked worried. "It seems to me I heard some one crowing over Joe yesterday because he couldn't throw a ball as far as this Billy—"

"Come on, Pat!" With a red face Billy seized his covered lunch basket and bolted. It was low tide, just the time that the two boys liked to wrestle and splash about in the warm water of that Florida beach or bury themselves neck deep in the sand while Pat barked and dug after them, greatly worried over the strange performance that seemed to take away his playmates bodily, except for their heads.

"Pat and I will have plenty of fun by ourselves," Billy told the solemn old heron that waded and fished daily in the bay. He hid his lunch basket in a secret place among palm-trees where he and Joe liked to picnic. Then he splashed into the water, determined to beat Joe at the swimming game some day.

On the opposite side of the little island was an old pier that extended into the bay. There Joe and Billy often fished or watched the funny little fiddler crabs digging holes in the sand.

"We'll eat luncheon on the pier today," decided Billy, whistling to keep from realizing that a fellow couldn't have half so much fun alone as he had thought. Even Pat had deserted him. The frisky dog had left the water and was sniffing round the old boat-house on a sandy knoll. Billy heard him barking excitedly, but Pat was always excited, whether he discovered a tiny turtle or a big crab, and so Billy paid little attention. He dived and practiced the "crawl" until he felt hungry. "Now for luncheon," he told Pat, who was capering on the beach, hoping that Billy would come out and romp. They raced gleefully to the secret nook. "Why!" cried Billy, and his eyes fairly bulged. "There are two baskets!"

Pat was barking wildly by way of explaining. The baskets were twins, and only one other person had a basket like Billy's. "Hey, there!" At the familiar voice Billy spun round to face Joe. "Pat stole my luncheon," Joe explained with dancing eyes. "I was over by the pier, and I saw him grab my basket and run."

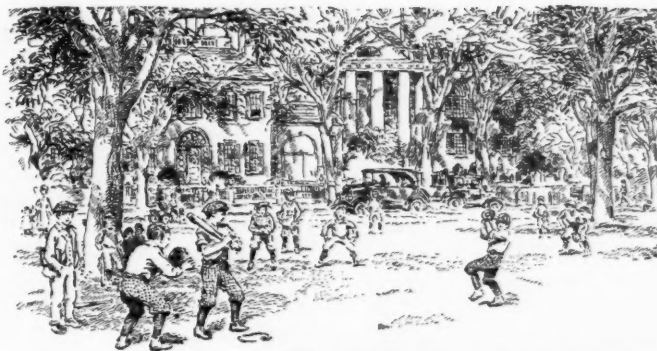
Billy looked sheepish for a moment, then he grinned. "Pat's got a lot of sense," he said with an air of apology. "He knew we always had our picnics together. Come on, Joe, I'm starved!"



THE CANDLE

By Robert Palfrey Utter

My little candle gives me light
To put my doll to bed at night.
As soon as she is fast asleep
I put it out, and off I creep.
My dolly never sees me go,
Because she's fast asleep, you know.



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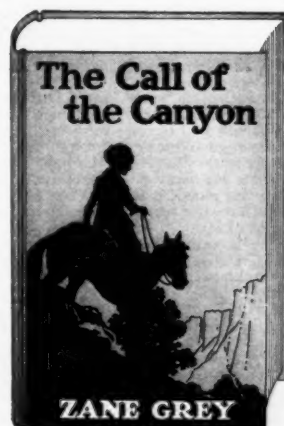
Information on games, woodcraft and dozens of other things boys are interested in, is in the 1924 Keds Hand-book for Boys; and vacation suggestions, sports, recipes, etc., are in the Keds Hand-book for Girls. Either sent free. Address Dept. 134, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

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The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.

881 COMMONWEALTH AVENUE

WHEN MY BABY WAKES UP CRYING

By Mabel Paine



When my baby wakes up crying and the clock is striking three,
And I rise from off my bed as sleepy as can be,
And I hear the wind a-blowin' and the dogs a-barkin' round,
And the cocks begin their crowin' when I make the faintest sound,
Oh, then's the time I think of things and wonder why it's best
That I should be up every night while all the world's at rest;
But I light the lamp and fix the fire and take baby on my knee
When my baby wakes up crying and the clock is striking three.

There's something sort of peaceful-like about the atmosphere
When the most of night is over and the morning time is near,
For of course I miss the bustle and confusion of the day
And the patter of the children as they go about their play.
The room's so warm and cozy, and the baby soon is still,
And then I have a little time to do just as I will.
Oh, it isn't all a hardship, though it sometimes seems to be,
When my baby wakes up crying when the clock is striking three.

Her peaceful, even breathing shows my baby is asleep,
But still I sit a little while and watchful vigil keep.
And the room gets very quiet, sort of lonesome-like and still,
And it whispers sermons to me of the place I have to fill;
My family sleeping peacefully, the neighbors all around,
And all my friends, both far and near, wherever they are found;
Oh, it sets my heart a-beating and the world looks good to me,
Though my baby wakes up crying when the clock is striking three.

LETTING THE ANGEL OUT

THERE is a story of a sculptor who while he was engaged in overseeing some men unloading a large block of marble at the door of his studio noticed a small boy standing near by, intently watching. When the piece was finally in place the sculptor examined it carefully and fingered it reverently as he thought of the possibilities hidden away in it. Observing that the boy was still watching, he asked him good-naturedly what he thought of the block. "I don't think it's very pretty yet," was the reply, "but I suppose you expect to make something out of it, don't you?"

"No," answered the artist whimsically, "I don't expect to make anything out of it at all. I expect to find something in it." Then, seeing the look of incredulity on the boy's face, he added kindly, "There's an angel in the block, and all I have to do is knock off the outside pieces and let the angel out."

Christian men and women ought to remember that their work is closely analogous to the sculptor's. What is it that confronts God's children everywhere? Is it not the task of taking the rough, unattractive material of human life and character and through prayer and untiring effort and patience bring the hidden angel out? Could you imagine any work that is more important or more pleasing in the sight of God?

Yet we should not forget that the successful accomplishment of it presupposes something. It presupposes vision. We can never bring an angel out of the block until we have first seen it within, and to see it we must look with the heart as well as with the eyes. It is the heart of love that sees possibilities beneath the rough exterior. It was thus that the Master saw Matthew, the publican. He saw a man, whereas Matthew's own countrymen could only see a hated publican and hireling of Rome.

But mere vision is not enough. We must also have patience, sympathy and forgiveness. Angels do not spring from the rough block in a moment. Sinners do not become saints in an hour. Day after day the Christian sculptor must lovingly ply his chisels and mallets of faith and prayer. One quick, impetuous stroke may spoil it all; one reckless blow may undo everything. What if the work is slow, the chiselings small? Little by little you will see the hidden loveliness emerge, the unfailing harbinger of the noble character that is to be.

THE TREES

THE weather had been unpleasant all the week, but Saturday was the worst day of all; it was close and sultry, and everyone was on edge with the strain of it. At the notion counter Mary Closser had kept herself steady only by counting the hours till she could get home to her trees.

Mary's home was a dreary fourth-story bedroom in a dreary boarding house in Waverly Place, but she had taken it because of the trees. Waverly Place was a narrow cross street, and the trees on it were poplars. Many people did not like them, but to Mary, especially now in April, the trees with their vivid new leaves were the loveliest thing the city held for her; and later through the dog days, when other trees were still, hers were always full of soft whisperings. When she lay on her lumpy bed and gazed out the window the city all fell away, and, looking into her treetops, she dreamed of a world of wide country spaces.

At last the long day dragged to an end, and Mary was free. Hot as it was, she hurried through the streets. Twenty minutes later she was standing stunned at the corner of Waverly Place. Where in the morning she had left leafy green pillars there were two rows of bare trunks with stumps of branches. The trees had been cut back.

Mary ate no dinner that night. A miserable week followed. She shut her heart against everything. She was bitterly angry.

Nearly two weeks after the cutting of the trees a quotation that she had once read began haunting her: "There is no such thing as tragedy to the brave." Mary frowned. If you accepted tragedy, then you were a coward! She did not like that. "Besides," she acknowledged to herself, "I've tried being miserable for two weeks, and it hasn't been a success. I believe I'll try the other way for a while."

The next evening a frail white-faced girl across the street waved to her. Three days later she beckoned her across and tossed a rose down. "It looks like you," she said. "I've been waiting to give it to you all day."

A month later Mary was sitting curled up on her new friend's bed. The girl, Alice, was in the big chair by the window, where she spent her days.

"And to think," Mary said with a long breath, "that we've lived opposite each other for nearly two years, and I never knew it!"

"I knew it," Alice retorted. "I used to watch for you to come around the corner and wish—wish—that you would look across to me. But you were always looking up at the poplars."

Mary's hands dropped from her knees. She turned a startled face to the girl who had grown so dear. All the time this friendship had been waiting—behind her trees.

SHABBY BUT PRECIOUS

DR. TRUMAN, Queen Victoria's dentist, was a gentleman of alert mind and eccentric habits. He invented an insulated covering for the wires of the submarine cable and made a considerable fortune therefrom. He was an enthusiastic collector of rare books and prints; that hobby was the chief joy of his later years.

He was not penurious, but he liked old clothes; and in his old age his attachment to garments fit only for the rag bag became the despair of his household. The most precious and shabbiest article of his attire was an ancient silk hat. He never wore any other kind of hat, and he had worn the same one for untold years.

"Attempts were made at his home to get rid of it," records a recent writer, Mr. W. T. Spencer, in a volume of reminiscences, "but he always had the hat repaired. So many repairs were made on it that if you examined it closely you had more difficulty in recognizing the original silk than in recognizing the grafted portions."

"One day when he was taking a bath in his house—the tub was of the old-fashioned marble type—he forgot to turn the water off, and it ran over the edge and leaked through the floor. Immediately underneath was the hall, and on the hall table lay that silk hat of his upside down as he had placed it there. When the bath overflowed the water dripped into the hall and right into the hat!

"The hat became a bucket, filling rapidly before the leak was discovered, and by that time, as the household were overjoyed to see, the silk was bulging woefully."

"Surely he'll not be able to wear that old thing again!" they thought. But they reckoned without their master.

"Even now I've had it done up!" he said to me as he related the adventure. And, sure enough, it was on his head.

"The very last time I saw Dr. Truman (he died in 1900) he was still wearing the same old silk hat."

THE VAMPIRE OF THE VOLGA

"RAGS" at Oxford and Cambridge are perhaps as funny as anything that the undergraduate brain of any country has devised. A "rag," by the way, is a kind of joke that has a satirical implication. For example, here is one that the Living Age relates:

What is almost a climax was reached at Oxford on the day of the English elections, when the "Futuro-Bolshevist" candidate for Parliament appeared. His name was Dr. B. Vir Bludski, and he wore a dark and communistic-looking beard. He arrived with due solemnity at the Great Western Railway Station, where he was greeted in a Latin address by a score of undergraduates, who also were bearded. He was driven through the streets by a kicking pony until he reached the Martyrs' Memorial, where a short political meeting was held. The candidate issued a political pro-

gramme of fourteen points, most important among which were the abolition of examinations and other capitalist institutions; the instant execution of the proctors who enforce discipline and other counter-revolutionary malefactors; the relief of unemployment by the abolition of work; the suppression of education; the lethal chamber for all life members of the Oxford Union, probably the most famous debating club in the world; free trade in bananas and the extermination of the walrus. The candidate strenuously insisted that Magdalen College should be painted red. A band of Red Guards who wore red ribbons escorted him.

Comrade Bludski was hailed as the Vampire of the Volga. The orator who greeted him declared that Oxford had welcomed many undesirable aliens in its time, but never one so undesirable as B. Vir Bludski!

GINGERBREAD MOULDS

GINGERBREAD cookies representing men and women, horses and dogs and various other animals were quite the fashion "when grandma was a little girl." Even today the girls and boys of Europe spend their spare coppers for gingerbread, as, for example, at Vincennes, where complacent pigs stand in the windows with "Jean" or "Suzanne" scrawled in large white letters across their fat sides.

In England not many years ago gingerbread fairs with their "formidable array of gingerbread soldiers attired in suits of gold leaf, drawn up in front of a booth, as if for the protection of the watches, horses, turkey cocks, old ladies and grid-irons that were arrayed behind," were very grand occasions indeed. Alas, they have passed, though many of the moulds that gingerbread manufacturers used still survive. A writer in Field, whose hobby is collecting them, has this to say on the subject:

Gingerbread moulds are carved in various woods, as a rule on both sides of the block, but occasionally on the back of old carved panels. Some of the designs are simple and merely represent a figure in outline, whereas others are obviously carved by craftsmen and have con-



The young Queen Victoria



The Duke of Wellington

siderable artistic merit. Of their age it is difficult to speak. Some are undoubtedly Victorian, as shown by the costume, but others appear to be of a much earlier date. I have seen one dated 1704, and there is one extant representing the Royal George, which was lost off Portsmouth in 1782, with Admiral Kempenfelt and about eight hundred persons on board. It may be assumed that this block was made sometime about that date.

The subjects of the moulds are remarkably varied. My collection is made up of soldiers, actors, preachers, angels, mermaids, religious emblems and domestic scenes and numerous flowers, birds, fishes and animals. From their artistic merit, as a study of costume and as representing a phase of old English life that has passed away, these gingerbread moulds are worthy of attention.

NERISSA'S WAY WITH TWINS

WHEN little Betty Manders, one of the three-year-old twin daughters of Mr. and Mrs. John Manders of Ravenna, Ohio, recently swallowed an open safety pin her terrified parents promptly called the doctor.

Nothing could be done, he said, until the position of the pin was determined by an X-ray examination. A hurried visit to the hospital followed, but the X-ray failed to show where the pin was. Neither did four further examinations. To be sure, no alarming symptoms had appeared, but anything might happen at any moment, and the parents were at their wits' end how to avert disaster. Then it suddenly occurred to Mrs. Manders that at the moment of the doctor's arrival little Shirley, Betty's twin, had run into the room. The pair looked exactly alike. Could it be—

It could! The doctor had snatched up the wrong twin. Betty had remained at home all the time, endeavoring, undisturbed, to digest her inedible morsel while the surprised but submissive Shirley was being X-rayed for the pin that wasn't there. The twins were quickly and carefully exchanged, and the pin easily found and removed.

Mistakes are likely to occur in any family where there are twins. In the extensive family of Nerissa, a washerwoman of color, competence and decision, the probability is at least frankly recognized and provided against as far as possible. One of her employers, approaching Nerissa's house not long ago, was aware of vociferous howls proceeding from within together with vigorous sounds of a slapping and whacking nature. She waited a few moments discreetly. When she entered two tearful pickaninnies, still rubbing themselves, were just being shoed out of the room.

"Dem twins is sholy limbs ob Satan!" explained Nerissa. "Angeline jes' done put de kitten in de sink an' pour a whole bottle ob bluing ober her. Seems mos' like 'twas Angeline. Might 'a' been Angelica—I ain't sure,—but I spanked 'em both good, so it don't matter."

"Spanked them both when you didn't know which!" cried the visitor, whose sense of justice was outraged. "But, Nerissa, that wasn't fair! You ought to have found out certainly which it was who dyed the kitten."

"Ef you had twins, Miss 'Lizabeth," responded Nerissa with patient dignity, "you wouldn't bodder youself 'bout no such particularities. When I sees Angeline perspire a piece ob mischief an' grabs her perspiring it I spansk Angeline; and when I sees Angelica perspire a piece ob mischief and grabs her perspiring it I spansk Angelica; but when de mischief's perspirated, and I ain't clost enough to make sure which ob dat peesiferous pair perspirated it, den I spansk 'em bofe."

"But, Nerissa!" Miss Elizabeth again protested feebly and quite in vain, for Nerissa merely reiterated respectfully but firmly:

"It's de only way, Miss 'Lizabeth; ef you eber has twins, you'll know. You jest has to spank 'em bofe!"

FUNNY LITTLE FOLKS

THOUGH as a matter of fact the De Morgans were unblest with children of their own, many delightful glimpses of quaint and charming little people are to be found in the biography of the pair, by Mrs. De Morgan's sister, Mrs. Anna M. W. Stirling. There are anecdotes of the youthful Bill (he did not permit himself to be called anything else in those days) and of the elfish little Evelyn Pickering, who was a naughty but fascinating little girl, before she grew up to be an artist and marry a greater artist still and, when his pottery failed, to help him to become a novelist. Not only were the two interesting in childhood, but the entire family of little De Morgans and little Pickerings, their brothers and sisters, were interesting.

It was little Rowland Pickering, says Mrs. Stirling, that one night, after he had been deposited in his little wooden crib, sent for his mother in a condition of dire anxiety. "Mamma," he demanded, "when the sun goes to bed, who tucks him up?"

Not all the young Pickerings were equally gentle and compassionate. They were extremely beautiful children; but the little Evelyn, despite an angelic appearance, was far from being an angel. She was a nursery autocrat and mercilessly bossed and bullied her nearest and dearest brother Spencer, who was three years her junior. When a still younger Pickering arrived and Spencer expressed deep satisfaction that he was a boy some one asked him why.

"Girls are such pinchers," he replied concisely; yet it was scarcely a just complaint, considering all things.

One day the French governess, Madame Mori, came to Mrs. Pickering to ask a private interview; she was in despair over the unmanageability of her charges. Mrs. Pickering took her to an inner room, a boudoir, by the window of which stood a dressing table voluminously draped in the fashion of the time with pink calico and lace. Having closed the door carefully, she listened to a string of complaints in voluble French; then the ladies proceeded

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to discuss the crimes and characteristics of the culprits and the wisest methods by which to attempt their reformation. Suddenly from the recess of the dressing table came a howl of agony. "Spencer!" was heard in piercing accents. "Ow! You pinch so!"

A hasty investigation revealed that the two children had been happily seated as it were in a rosy tent, listening to the entire interview with the greatest zest and quite impenitent for their misdeeds.

Little Billy De Morgan and his sister Alice were less obstreperous, but in their own way they occasionally gave older folk a surprise. They used to enliven what would otherwise have been a tame walk in a dull city street by imagining it a jungle and the creatures and objects they encountered of a nature to correspond—cats were panthers; dogs were tigers; horses were lions. A strange lady, hearing their excited tones, paused one day to listen. Billy was just telling an amazing yarn about tigers' running beside a carriage. Alice added another thrill.

"Look, Bill, here's four giants riding on them!" she contributed. Then she noticed the bewildered listener and promptly swept her into the story. "And," she concluded, "there's a giantess standing by!"

THE VOYAGE OF THE ARGONAUTS

ONE of the most picturesque episodes in American history is the rush of the adventurous gold seekers to the Pacific Coast in 1849. Some went overland, some by way of Panama by ship, some round Cape Horn. The Edward Everett was the first ship to leave Boston with a regularly-organized company as its passengers. There were a hundred and fifty men, and they sailed early in January, 1849. Before they took ship a clergyman preached the party a sermon in the Congregational Church in Ashburton Place, and Edward Everett, the president of Harvard College, for whom the ship was named, presented them with one hundred volumes from his library—let us hope interesting ones. Concerning the voyage Mr. Octavius T. Howe says in his Argonauts of Forty-Nine:

They lived well on the Edward Everett. The company was divided into fifteen messes. There were ten men in a mess, each one of whom served in his turn as captain. The duty of the captain was to look after the food, procure it from the galley and be responsible for its serving. Their food was brought to them in a kit, and they sat down on the deck and ate it right out of the tub. They had "dandy funk," made of hard bread boiled with molasses, raisins and cinnamon; apple "grunt," made by stewing dried apples and dough balls; lobscouse, made by hashing and heating meat and bread; plum duff, mackerel, salt fish, beef, pork, ham and duff biscuit with butter twice a week. A barrel of hard-tack stood where each one could help himself. If the committee on provisions did not give them what they liked, it was the custom to chase the members of it round the deck until they promised plum duff at the next meal. On holidays they drew from a small store of luxuries and added to the usual meal apple sauce, cheese, potato and plum pudding. Whenever there was a good, smart rain they caught the fresh water in a tarpaulin and had a washing day. Garments would be strung from the end of the bowsprit to the spanker boom, and the ship would have the appearance of a clipper rigged out with all kinds of fancy sails.

Captain Smith was fond of a joke, and just before rounding Cape Horn he suggested that a company be formed to go ashore on Patagonia, travel across the country to Valparaiso and wait there for the ship. Twenty of the company took the bait. Then the captain gravely told them that the country was uninhabited, had never been explored, and that they must expect to encounter cannibals, and all sorts of wild beasts. That made them look sober, but they did not withdraw.

"Then," said the captain, "if you are determined to go, it is necessary that you drill every day in order that you may be ready to encounter the unknown but certain dangers that await you on the trip. Now I have a sailor aboard who was formerly in the United States Army, and I will send him to drill you."

Presently a sailor, dressed in an old uniform with a sword by his side, came up from the steerage and drilled them for an hour before they saw the joke.

A CAT'S SMOOTH TRICK

A READER who believes that as a general thing cats are stupid sends us this interesting story of a cat that at least in one instance was decidedly acute:

A number of years ago my mother owned a Maltese cat that had made her home with us since she was a kitten. One summer afternoon while I was sitting on the front porch of my mother's house, reading, with the cat asleep on the floor alongside my chair, a dog came down the sidewalk on the opposite side of the street. Suddenly he stopped and began smelling round. Almost at once old Tabby spied the dog and, sitting up, began to watch him. After a short time she got up slowly and without showing any excitement walked across the porch and started down the steps toward the street.

There was nothing in her actions to indicate that she saw the dog or even knew that he was

there. When she was near the middle of the street the dog suddenly spied her and with a yelp started for her. Instantly she turned tail and ran for a large elm tree in my mother's front yard.

The act greatly astonished me, for the cat had never before, so far as I had observed, shown any fear of dogs. I had seen her chase many a dog out of the yard; indeed she seemed to like to fight with them. Across the street and up into the yard the two raced toward the tree. The cat, which kept a few jumps in the lead, was the first to reach it, and with a leap she was up its trunk about four feet. There she stopped and looked down.

The dog jumped at the tree and, placing his front feet on the trunk, ran his nose high up it. The next instant the cat, as cool as you please, jumped lightly and gracefully over the dog's head and landed square on his shoulders. And there she sat, sticking like a burr and scratching and biting like mad. Unable to reach her, the dog set up a tremendous howling and tore off down the street.

For fully fifty yards the cat rode on the dog's back, biting and scratching; then she jumped to the ground and stood watching her foe until he was half a block away. After that she turned and with hardly a twitch of her tail walked back up the walk, up on the porch, and resumed her place by my chair. There she sat washing her face and occasionally looking up at me as much as to say, "What do you think of that for a smooth trick to play on a dog?"

I have read somewhere a statement by an animal trainer that cats cannot be taught tricks of any kind, but I know that that is not literally true, for my brother taught this old Maltese tabby cat to sit up on her hind legs and beg for food. Moreover, he taught her to lie down and roll over when he snapped his fingers at her.

Three times after my mother had given her away that cat returned from a long distance at night, climbed a tree, jumped to the roof of the porch and, crawling through a window, went to each of our five bedrooms, where she jumped upon the bed, meowed and put her face down to the face of the sleeper and purred and scratched until he awoke and patted her upon the back. Finally, having completed the rounds and awakened all the sleepers, she settled down on the last bed and went contentedly to sleep.

TRIALS OF A YOUNG INSTRUCTOR

THE young instructor at college is often enough a likable fellow, but nevertheless he is subject to a peculiar kind of trouble—a fact that Arthur Latham Perry fully considered before becoming a tutor at Williams. His son, Mr. Carroll Perry, in his Professor of Life gives us his father's amusing apprehensions. Here is the passage:

With characteristic method father set down in opposite columns the reasons for and the reasons against going to Williams as tutor. The score stands seven to two in favor of Williams. One of the reasons against accepting the offer was as follows:

"I shall in all probability subject myself to a great deal of annoyance and anxiety. A tutor as such is not greatly respected by students. They find innumerable ways to annoy him. They look him in! They love to play tricks upon him. They will scrape and groan in recitation. They will disturb his slumbers by nocturnal howlings and by rolling stoves down the stairs. This is not pleasant. He will treat them all politely, yet some of them will insult him. He must bear it and put a good face upon it, though he smart inwardly. If it is known that he is in love with a young lady in the village they will write her name upon the blackboard! And this would have to be borne with the wisdom of a philosopher and the spirit of a martyr."

WHEN SHE REBELLED

"I BET," remarked Hank Peters, "that by the time Bill Tibbals' wife got through with him for takin' that three thousand dollars out of the savin' bank an' goin' an' spendin' it for them forty thousand shares of fake oil stock poor ol' Bill wished he hadn't tried to be a high financier."

"Oh, Bill's wife didn't raise any rumpus over that transaction," said young George Haskins, who is a distant relative of the Tibbals and lodges in their home.

"But my wife heard her!" asserted Hank. "She went to call on her last evenin', an' while she was standin' in the vestibule waiting to ring the bell she heard Bill gettin' the jawin' of his life!"

"But that jawin' wasn't being given because Bill had bought the oil stock," explained young George. "It was because Bill was paying five dollars a year for a box in a safe-deposit vault to keep the oil stock in."

HAI! FOILED!

A MAN whom the Tatler knows was desirous to learn boxing, but his wife wanted him to take up fencing instead.

"But, my dear," he argued, "if I were attacked, I shouldn't have my foils with me." "Well," she answered triumphantly, "you might not have your boxing gloves with you either."



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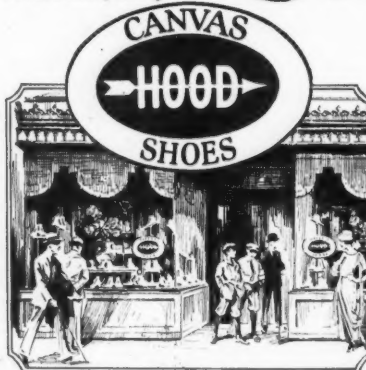
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